F. C. Foster-Barham.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/dorothyforsterno00besa_2

DOROTHY FORSTER

VOL. III.

NEW THREE-VOLUME NOVELS AT EVERY LIBRARY.

PRINCESS NAPRAXINE. By Ouida.

DOROTHY FORSTER. By Walter Besant.

ST. MUNGO'S CITY. By Sarah Tytler.

THE NEW ABELARD. By Robert Buchanan.

A REAL QUEEN. By R. E. Francillon.

FANCY-FREE. By Charles Gibbon.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. By David Christie Murray.

CHATTO AND WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

DOROTHY FORSTER

A Novel

By WALTER BESANT

AUTHOR OF 'ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN,' 'THE CAPTAINS' ROOM,' 'ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

London

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1884

[*All rights reserved*]

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXVI.	MR. HILYARD RETURNS	1
XXVII.	TO LONDON	40
XXVIII.	LORD CREWE	66
XXIX.	IN LONDON	80
XXX.	LADY COWPER	102
XXXI.	THE UNFORTUNATE MR. PAUL	113
XXXII.	A NOBLE PROJECT	136
XXXIII.	IN THE TOWN	148
XXXIV.	MR. HILYARD'S FREEDOM	164
XXXV.	JENNY'S SCHEME	181
XXXVI.	THE LORDS' TRIAL	195
XXXVII.	FRANK'S ATTEMPT	212
XXXVIII.	MY LORD'S LAST DAYS	230
XXXIX.	TOM'S ESCAPE	255
XL.	THE END	293
	POSTSCRIPTUM	305

DOROTHY FORSTER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. HILYARD RETURNS.

THEN, from the day of Tom's departure, for the space of six weeks, I heard nothing save when I rode to Dilston, and heard what my lord, who found means to send a letter every week, told the Countess. As I know now with what misgivings he entered upon the Rebellion; how quickly he perceived, but could not remedy, the errors committed during its conduct; and how there fell upon him, very soon after the beginning, a heaviness and despondency which grew daily deeper—ah! noble heart!—I have never ceased to wonder how he could sustain the pretence of light

heart, hope, and cheerfulness which he presented in those beautiful letters of his. There was nothing—no, not one word—in them which might lead his wife to suppose that all was not going well. They were on the Border ; they were with Lord Kenmure and the Scots ; they were already so many strong; they were coming back, and would gather in the recruits so freely offered at the outset ; they would soon be 20,000 strong—with more to the same effect, and the whole so set and ornamented with terms of endearment for his wife, and of tender messages of love to the innocent children, that the heart of her who read them was led aside from the contemplation of the danger to think only of the honour and glory of the expedition.

'That my lord should be foremost,' said the fond wife, 'in bringing the Prince to his own is not wonderful ; nay, it is his duty. But it surprises me that the gentlemen of England have not long ago resolved to accomplish so easy a task. Why, it will be but a ride through the country, from Northumberland to London.'

It was, truly, to end in a ride through the

country ; but not such a ride as her ladyship pictured to herself.

Then we pleased ourselves in wondering how the Prince would be received by London ; when the coronation would take place ; by what safeguards and concessions the liberties of the Church of England would be secured ; how great a thing it would be once more to have a Court, with a young King and Queen (but a wife must be found for his Majesty, and who should she be?), to which Catholic gentlefolk might resort ; and how charming, after the quiet country life, to enjoy the pleasures of the town—with many other speculations equally pleasant and profitable.

In those days the Countess talked with me a great deal concerning her childhood, when first she made the acquaintance of her future lord. They were together at St. Germain's, she being in the Ursuline Convent, with one or two of her sisters (she was the eldest of five daughters), and he a page and companion of the Prince. The English children at St. Germain's had more liberty than, it seems, is accorded to the French, and they all knew each other.

'My dear,' she said, in her quick and candid manner of speech, 'I blush not to own that I loved him from the first, when he was only a beautiful boy, dressed up like a soldier to please the Prince, with his brown hair in a ribbon, and a little sword by his side; I loved him then, and I have loved him ever since, though little did I think I should ever get my heart's desire. For supposing we played together, and were friends, he would go away and forget me; or he would meet with more beautiful women, and fall in love with them; or with flattering and designing women, who would want his wealth and rank—I care nothing about either, Heaven knows, and would love him just as much if he were a simple gentleman like his cousins of the county. Why, as for love, did he not fall in love with you, who would have none of him for religion's sake? Ah!'—here she sighed—'tis well I was not so tempted. Religion and all I think I would have thrown away for his dear sake. Yet how he should love me after your lovely face, Cousin Dorothy, passeth my understanding. Well, as for what is before, I know not, but pray for the best, and am

thankful that we have had three years of happiness, although I have sometimes vexed him with my tongue, which at times, alas ! is sharp. Yet he hath never reproached me with this my infirmity, knowing that afterwards I still repent and am sorry.'

She had many admirable qualities, not the least of them being that she was wise enough to know how good and great a man was her husband. Some women there are, who if a man love them, cannot, perhaps for that very reason (knowing how small they are compared with him), believe that he can be in any way great. It is as much as to say that the man who loves a foolish woman must be himself a fool. Such women know not what now I know, and am glad to know, because it makes me understand many things ; namely, that no man doth love a foolish woman, but rather the divine and perfect image of a woman which he pictures to himself, instead of the real woman. Not that the Countess was a foolish woman at all, but quite the contrary, being, in every respect but one, wise and prudent. She checked her husband's profusion (which was his only fault) ; she

set bounds to his generosity in the matter of giving money constantly to his brother Charles, who was always wanting more; she possessed great dignity of carriage, although little of stature; and she was only foolish where all the other women of her party are foolish, in thinking that because loyalty is a righteous and good thing, the Prince's cause would be easily won. Therefore she could not brook the shilly-shally delays of the gentlemen, and long before arms were resolved upon was impatient. In this I blamed her not then, nor do I blame her now; because we only believed what we were told to believe, and could not know—which we had not been told—the true strength of the feeling among all classes as regards a Protestant succession. In Northumberland one had at least the advantage of knowing that a man may be a Papist, and yet may adorn himself with as many personal graces and virtues as any Protestant among us all. Where could be found a man of more unblemished life, more universal benevolence, greater simplicity, temperance, modesty, and honour than Lord Derwentwater himself? Therefore, I say, I

blame not the Countess for her zeal, though it precipitated the ruin of her house. Nay, I was as zealous as herself, and thought the throwing down of her fan a fine and courageous action.

Let me say nothing but what is good of this unhappy woman, whose afflictions were greater than she could bear. Why I, who never ceased to love Lord Derwentwater, nor ever shall, and am not ashamed to own it, have long confessed to myself that, with my rustic ways, I could never have hoped to fix his affections after the first strong tide of passion, and to keep them for life as this clever, quick-witted creature, as changeable in her moods as the sky in June, and as sweet to look upon.

It is now sixteen years since she died, and was buried among the English nuns at Louvain; but her spirit hath returned to England, and wanders sadly at night among the woods and ruined gardens of Dilston. Alas! that one born to be so happy should die so wretched.

Enough, for this time, of the talk and thoughts of two fond women. We waited

thus: I at Blanchland, and the Countess at Dilston, with none about her but old men and women-servants, from the 6th of October to the 15th of November.

On the evening of that day (which was Wednesday) I was sitting beside the fire, a book in my hand, but my thoughts far away. Certain prognostics of the disaster were already in my mind, though, as always happens, I thought little of them until later; that is to say, my sleep had been disturbed the night before by dreadful and disquieting dreams, but when I awoke in the morning there was left nothing but a confused image as of some horrid monster. Thus the messenger of Heaven came to warn Nebuchadnezzar, but he forgot in the morning everything, save that a strange and terrible dream had come to him. Thus, all day long, strange sounds disquieted me. There were omens of bad luck, such as salt-spilling, hearing unlucky words early in the morning, and so forth, which I afterwards remembered. On Sunday, I had a strange roaring sound in my ears (which may have been the noise of the cannonade at Preston, but I hardly think

that possible). On the same day, I opened the Bible at haphazard, and lighted on these terrifying words in the Book of Psalms, which manifestly referred to the overthrow of those who were doing the Lord's work for the rightful Sovereign: 'The zeal of thine house hath even eaten me, and the rebukes of them that rebuked thee are fallen upon me.' On Monday and Tuesday I was agitated by strange terrors, and on Wednesday morning these returned to me in greater force. In the evening, the house then being quiet and the maids gone to bed, I sat thinking about many things; and first, as we are all selfish creatures, of my hard lot in losing the only man I could ever love, and the melancholy lives of women who miss the happiness of husband and children; next of the strange and tragical fate which still seemed to pursue the Forsters of Bamborough, so that my brother Tom, the last man of the race (not counting poor rustic Jack), was now a fugitive and a rebel who would be exiled, or worse, should the enterprise fail. Surely, I thought, it was time for a change in fortune; the triumph of the business in hand would bring us

dignities and rank once more. Next, I remembered the grievous illness of Lady Crewe, of the issue of which I had no knowledge. Here was food enough for sad thoughts.

Now, while I sat, I became aware of footsteps outside, and there was a gentle knock at the window. I was never greatly afraid of robbers and such as break into houses, therefore I hastened to take a candle, and presently unlocked the door and looked out. It had been snowing all day, and the drifts lay deep in the old quadrangle. There was no one in the porch.

'Who is there?' I cried loudly.

'Thank Heaven!' replied a voice I knew full well. 'It is Miss Dorothy.'

There stood before me Mr. Hilyard himself.

'Who is within,' he asked, 'besides yourself?'

I told him no one except the maids, and they were all abed, for it was past nine already.

Still he hesitated, hanging his head, till I bade him sharply shake off the snow from

his coat and come in. Cold as it was, he had no cloak or muffler. He obeyed, and with a trembling hand quickly shut and barred the door behind him.

Then I knew, indeed, that something dreadful had happened, and thought of all the forebodings and omens of the last few days.

He followed me into the kitchen, where there was still a good fire burning. Here he threw himself into a chair, and looked at me with white face and quivering lips.

'Miss Dorothy,' he began, but burst into sobbing and crying.

'Where is my brother Tom?' I cried. 'Is he killed?'

'No,' he replied. 'No; he is not dead. Better, perhaps, if he had been killed in battle.'

'Where is my lord? Is he dead?'

'No; he is not dead.'

He was so white in the cheeks and trembled so much in every limb that I feared he was going to swoon.

'Are you in want of food?' I asked him.

'I had some bread last night,' he said. 'Since then I have eaten nothing.'

'Since Tom and Lord Derwentwater are alive,' I said, 'tell me no more till you have eaten.'

When he had devoured some bread and meat and taken a good draught of ale, he stood up and said solemnly a grace after meat.

'Never yet had I felt till to-day the force of the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." Alas! what pangs are endured by those who starve! Save a little bread, finished last night, have I tasted nothing since I escaped from Preston on Monday evening?'

'How? Escaped?'

'Miss Dorothy'—his eyes filled with tears—'alas! my kind sweet mistress, be brave, for the worst hath happened. His honour, General Forster, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Widdrington, all the other gentlemen, and the whole of the insurgent army, have surrendered, and are prisoners of General Willes. The Rebellion, unless the Scots fare better than the English, is at an end. As for his Highness, who hath brought us to this strait, I wish to Heaven he were a prisoner as well!'

'Prisoners? Tell me more.'

'I will tell you,' he said, 'from the beginning, that is from last Saturday. We were at Preston, and in higher spirits than we had been for some time, having received a great accession of the Catholic gentlemen of Lancashire, and their followers. I pretend not to know what was the General's purpose, but it was understood amongst us that we were to march on Saturday morning upon Manchester, his honour being assured that none of the enemy were within forty miles. You may judge, therefore, of our astonishment when we received orders to prepare for action, for General Willes was upon us, in what force and whether provided with cannon we knew not, so badly were we served by our messengers. And yet I am informed by Mr. Patten, who hath had the ear of his honour throughout, that he spared neither pains nor cost to be acquainted with all the movements of General Carpenter, knowing nothing of General Willes, who was marching upon us from Wigan, having with him, some say, less than a thousand men, but I know not what his numbers may have been. He was so close to the town, that when the General rode out

beyond the bridge with a party of horse he discovered the vanguard of the Dragoons, and had to ride back hastily. And then—I know not how, save by some judicial blindness sent by Heaven—oh! had I been of the council! There is a passage in Livy—but let that pass. Suffice it that the greatest, the most fatal mistake was made—oh! how could it escape them all?'

I asked who made the mistake.

'His honour himself. That is to say, none but the General can be praised or blamed for the conduct of a campaign; but yet I know, having heard it for a truth from Mr. Patten, who hath been mighty civil to me since we started, that in every operation his honour has been first guided and directed by Colonel Oxbrough, and then thwarted by gentlemen who shall be nameless. I cannot doubt that in the matter of the bridge, he—that is, Colonel Oxbrough—was overruled; nor can I believe that a man who has studied campaigns and been on active service, could have neglected so simple an advantage. Know then, Miss Dorothy, that before the town there runs a deep river which must be forded; over

the river a bridge; and this side the bridge a deep and narrow lane: it is like the Pass of Thermopylæ; it may be defended by a hundred men against an army—nay, by means of this pass, we might have destroyed all the force that General Willes had been able to bring against us. Yet we neglected to defend this bridge. Some say the Brigadier Mac-Intosh refused to obey the General; I know not if it be true; certainly there is no love between the Scotch and the English officers. It matters not by whose fault; the bridge was left undefended, and the enemy crossed over at their ease, and so came up to the town and prepared for an attack.'

He stopped and sighed.

'I never thought,' he went on, 'that I, a plain Oxford scholar, a man of peace, and of obscure birth, should take my part in a battle, fighting among gentlemen; nor did I look to feel the madness of Mars in my blood. Yet this day shall I never forget, nor the "joy of battle" spoken of by Homer, and now understood by me. We formed four chief barricadoes, or barriers, behind which we received the enemy. As for me, I had the honour to

be placed among the gentlemen volunteers who defended the barrier below the church, under Brigadier MacIntosh. We were commanded by the Lords Derwentwater, Kenmure, Wintoun, and Nithsdale. As for my lord and his brother, Mr. Charles, I dare maintain that they set an example to all of us of courage and coolness under fire, being stripped to the waistcoat, and encouraging the men to work at the barriers and to give a warm reception to the enemy. A warm reception we gave them, indeed, and killed, I believe, as many as 120 of them at the first attack. The battle lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon till long into the night. Twice I saw the General —Mr. Tom, I mean—riding up to the barricado, encouraging us to stand firm and fire with precision, freely exposing himself to the enemy's fire. When the night fell the enemy set fire to two or three houses, partly with the design to burn down the whole town, and partly to terrify and dislodge us, and had there been the least wind, no doubt their horrid project had succeeded. At midnight the enemy withdrew, leaving 300 and more dead upon the field, while we for our part had

lost but 17 killed and about 40 wounded. As for me, I had never a scratch. Yet, in spite of this signal advantage, and the joy of our men, you shall hear how we were all presently undone.'

He stopped and fetched another sigh.

'Undone, did I say? Yea; ruined and lost beyond hope. Yet we were 3,000 strong, and fellows as stout as a general would wish to command.

'All that night the houses blazed and fell, one by one, with a most dreadful roaring of flames, and I think that few of us got much sleep. For my own part I sat, firelock in hand, behind our barrier, wishing that the morning would come, and longing to be at 'em again. This I say not with boastfulness, but to show how quickly even a man of peace may become a man of war. Yet is the man of peace a madman thus to follow the drum. It hath been truly said by Seneca in his book——'

'Never mind Seneca, Mr. Hilyard. For Heaven's sake go on with the story. What happened next?'

'Since you know that we were all taken

prisoners, you know, Miss Dorothy, pretty nearly as much as I know myself. For, of a truth, I cannot tell with certainty why we laid down our arms. We took a few prisoners, and from one of them, an officer, I learned the strength of the enemy, and that General Carpenter was marching upon us, having with him three regiments of Dragoons. But still we should greatly outnumber them. "Gentlemen," cried one of the prisoners, as he was led through our ranks, "I am your prisoner to-day, but you will all be ours to-morrow." At which some of us laughed, but I, thinking how the bridge had been neglected, began to consider seriously what this might mean. I say again that I blame not his honour. Neither as man nor boy hath he ever cared for things military, to study the conduct of a siege nor the history of a campaign. But I marvel that Colonel Oxbrough, who should have known better, or that Lord Widdrington, who should have been made to hold his tongue, or that Brigadier MacIntosh—but, indeed, there is small profit in wondering.

'Now, in the morning, when we expected, although it was Sunday, that the enemy would

either attack us again, or that we should sally forth and attack them, which would have been more to our humour and the purpose, the blood of the men being up, and everybody in good spirits at the yesterday's fighting and heavy losses we had inflicted upon the enemy, no orders came, and we continued at our posts all that morning. There was some firing upon us, but not much, from two or three houses occupied by the enemy. I think it must have been ten of the clock that a rumour began among us that General Carpenter had arrived, and that the town was invested, and we entirely surrounded. At first that seemed to matter little, because we had beaten them once, and could beat them again were they twice as strong. Next it was whispered that we were short of powder as well as provisions. What kind of officers are those who lead their men into a fight with no more ammunition than is enough for a single day's fighting, and no more provisions than from day to day can be gathered on the march? Now when I understood this I began to tremble indeed, because it became quite plain to me that we must now either surrender (though nearly

three to one, and full of heart), or fight our way out with bayonet, pike, and sword against musket and cannon. I confess, moreover, that I was tempted to follow the example of some of our men, who, on the first suspicion of this desperate position of affairs, scowered off, and made good their escape by a way where as yet none of the Dragoons were posted. It was by a street called Fishergate, which leads to a meadow beside the river, where are two good fords. I know not how many got away, but by one way or another, hiding in the houses and escaping by night, there must have been more than a thousand, because sure I am that not half of those who were with us the day before the fight were those who laid down their arms the day after. A happy escape to them! As for those who are taken, what can they look for? Courage, Miss Dorothy! there is time, and something may yet be done. We must not despair. First, there is open always to poor mortals in their worst extremity their appeal to Heaven; it is not fortune alone which destroys armies. Next, it must be admitted a noble madness at the worst, which compelled so many

gentlemen to go forth on this forlorn hope, so that their speedy discomfiture ought to be a punishment sufficient unto them. Besides, there is the famous passage of Boethius——'

'Oh! Mr. Hilyard, let us not look to Boethius for help. Tell me all, and then let us think what remains to be done.'

'Alas! little is left to tell, and that is bad. On Sunday morning there was held a council, of which I have heard the substance, though, of course, I was not present. When the time shall come when scholars shall be consulted on every subject, as the oracles were consulted of old, there will be a school or college of scholars whose sole business it shall be to advise Ministers, contrive measures, be consulted by Generals, and lay down plans for the general good of the nation. Happy would it have been—I say it not boastfully, but with sorrow—for us all had our commander sought the counsel of the only scholar who was with them. But they knew not—they know not, and do not in their ignorance suspect—that a man who hath read Tacitus, Livy, and Thucydides, to say nothing of Cæsar his Commentaries, Sallust his history, the great

military writer Vegetius (in the Leyden edition), and the late campaigns, with such help as was within his reach, of the illustrious Marlborough, a greater than Hannibal, could lead their army better than all of them put together. No ammunition, no powder, no provisions; not a map of the country; no spies—and that bridge left undefended! Why, I should have sallied forth to meet the enemy, and struck a blow, before that bridge was abandoned, as would have rung through all England; General Carpenter's turn should have followed next; and then—then—unless the City of London declared for the Prince I should——'

He stopped, gasping, carried away with the imaginary glory of the campaign directed by himself.

'What would you have done then, Mr. Hilyard?'

'I should have dictated terms to King George, and in return for disbanding my forces and sending all home again, I would have left him on the throne and accepted a general amnesty.'

'What, and desert the Prince?'

'Nothing is of any lasting help for the Prince,' he said, 'until he hath first turned Protestant. Although they did not consult me, however, I learned that the council was divided, and no agreement possible; for some thought that, considering our number, which was still greater than that of the enemy, it would be shameful to surrender without another fight, while others thought that enough blood had been shed, and that terms had better be made—such terms as could be obtained. If there was neither ammunition nor provision, how could a sally be attempted, to say nothing of an escape? And how could we sit down to be starved? Then the town was invested: we were all caught like rats in a trap; if we attempted to fight our way out, we should be shot down as we ran; with other arguments which savoured as much of cowardice as of prudence. His honour, who presided, listened to all, and looked from one to the other to ask his opinion. The Earl of Derwentwater, with his brother and the Highland officers, were hot for a sally, and for fighting the way out with sword and bayonet when all the powder was gone. "What!"

they cried, "are we to abandon the enterprise because we are merely threatened? We are invested—that is true; we have little powder—that is true; let us reserve all we have to protect the rear, and cut our way in the darkness through them." Lord Widdrington, for his part, was strong for capitulation; the rising, he said, was hopeless; the English gentlemen held aloof, or were hostile; the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lumley, and a great many gentlemen of the north were with General Carpenter; they had been deceived with promises of support, not only from men who at the moment of action refused to come out, but also from the messengers who came and went between London and the north—here he looked at Colonel Ox'brough. Things were bad, but they might be made worse; the business of the Prince could not be advanced by the carnage of his followers; wherefore he was for a capitulation on honourable terms. Then Lord Derwentwater spoke again. He said that he partly agreed with Lord Widdrington; their affairs were hopeless; divided counsels, as well as misrepresentation, had brought them to this pass; yet he, for one,

could not think they should capitulate while they still had their swords left. His vote, therefore, was again for cutting a way through. Finally, all looked to Colonel Oxbrough, who, in his calm and quiet way, said that as regards misrepresentation, he knew of none, all the business of the Prince being carried on faithfully, as is proper among gentlemen ; that he had himself been a messenger, and proved his own loyalty by casting in his lot with them ; that, as to the failure in the south and west, and the silence as regards Ireland, he knew no more than anyone present ; but, as to the present juncture, he was a soldier, and knew how to obey, though against his own judgment ; therefore, whatever the opinion of the council, he was ready to obey again, whether it should be decided to fight or to capitulate. If to fight, many would doubtless meet with the death of a soldier ; if to surrender, some would probably be hanged, some beheaded, and some pardoned, and their estates confiscated. "But," he added, "those who die will die for the King, and those who are ruined will be ruined for his sake."

'Outside, and among us of the rank and

file, there was now (seeing that the way of escape by Fishergate Street was at last closed by the Dragoons) only one feeling—namely, that we should fight our way out; and hard things were said of our leaders, who had got us into this trap, out of which there was no escape, although so many roads, so that we were like crabs and lobsters in their wicker-work cages, whereinto they can creep with ease, but cannot get out again. Nevertheless, despair and determination would have made a way, I doubt not, for who would not fight if it were certain death to remain and probable death to advance? I know not what may be the clemency of King George, on which they now build so many hopes, but kings do not use to be merciful towards rebels. However, we were all resolved to fight, and when at length Colonel Oxbrough was sent to treat of surrender, the common soldiers were told, to keep them quiet, that General Willes had offered honourable terms if we would lay down our arms. The terms which he brought back were, indeed, nothing but what we had a right to expect—namely, that we were to surrender at

discretion. This, one must own, was choking to us all, after a victory such as ours. The Colonel brought back this reply, and a second message was sent by Captain Dalzell begging for time, which was granted—namely, until seven o'clock on Monday morning, provided that no more entrenchments were thrown up and that hostages were sent. It was with a heavy heart, indeed, that I saw my Lord Derwentwater, with grave and serious countenance, ride forth with Colonel MacIntosh, as our hostages. For I understood very well that this was but the beginning of the end, and that our vaunted rising, which was to have been followed by the general voice of the whole nation, had come to a sudden and shameful end. I could not but think of all that this brave young gentleman staked upon the issue of the enterprise: his vast estates, his rank and dignity—even his life: for, though the clemency of the King be extended to all else, can it ever include the Prince's cousin, his playfellow, and his most intimate friend? Alas! I fear that noontide sun of splendour is veiled and eclipsed already! It is reported that when Lord Derwentwater entered the

General's tent, he sat down and said, with a sigh, that he would rather trust himself to the clemency of King George than return to an army where there was neither wisdom, agreement, obedience, nor honesty (thinking of the mischievous jealousies between Englishman and Scot). For clemency, we know not; the smaller folk may hope, but for my lord, I dare prophesy that he will smile no more upon this earth. And as for the rest of his days, they will be few indeed and full of sorrow. I know not in what reflections my comrades passed Sunday night; but for myself, I meditated continually on the nearness of death, seeing nothing but probable destruction whichever way was chosen. Why, I asked myself, did I make or meddle with the matter? For, though bound in duty to follow his honour did he order it, I was not bound to volunteer my life in the cause. Again, I said to myself, though I hoped to show gratitude by being of service, I should have known that as a common soldier I could have no say in the council—not even private intercourse with the General. Perhaps there were others such as myself; though most seemed insen-

sible to danger, and lay sleeping like logs all the night, and in the morning would have gone forth to fight as cheerfully as to play a bout at quarterstaff. Truly I think that most of our vaunted courage doth proceed from insensibility and lack of imagination, so that the brave soldier who marches straight to the cannon's mouth does so because he cannot think, or picture the future, and would draw back and flinch if he could foresee the agony of his wound and the dreadful pain in which he must die. However this may be, when it became known in the morning that, after all, we were to surrender, and that after what had seemed to us a most glorious and successful action, in which they lost ten times as many men as we, and had at last to retire, the rage and disappointment of the men were terrible to witness. They ran about the streets, calling upon each other to sally forth and force a way out. Had they been led in this attempt, I am very certain that we should have got away, though with heavy loss, and perhaps have gotten in the end much advantage to the cause. But our officers were too tender for us (if not for

themselves), therefore we must needs be hanged, as will doubtless happen to most, or sent to the Plantations, or die of gaol-fever—though with regard to his honour, Miss Dorothy, we must hope for better things. The unfortunate Mr. Patten, poor wretch, will have but short shrift, I fear. I love not the man, yet I confess that his courage in coming out with us, his bravery in the action, and his present constancy under misfortune, have caused me to forgive the past.

'The soldiers ran, I say, this way and that, distracted, and without a leader, for the officers and gentlemen, even those who were loudest to sally forth, kept within, and ventured not out to meet that roaring, maddened mob. One there was among us who ventured to use the word "surrender." Him they shot. As for me, having designs of my own, I bellowed with the rest, and so kept a whole skin.

'Miss Dorothy,' he interrupted himself, crying out as if violently moved, 'I maintain and declare that the whole business was conducted so feebly from the very beginning, when they refused to enlist the men who volunteered, to the end, when they would not

even keep the bridge or sally forth and attack the enemy, whom we outnumbered by three to one, that his honour the General was right to bring it to a close. Yes, we might have made a sortie : there were still a few rounds of powder left ; we might (some of us) have escaped, and the lives lost would have been counted by hundreds ; and afterwards what would have been our lot, but wandering among the mountains and starving on the moors, with death for those taken prisoner, and few indeed winning their way to the Scottish army ? Whereas, now, the Government may show themselves merciful. One knows not, to be sure, the fate of Lord Mar ; if he be successful for a time—for he cannot, I am sure, in the long-run—our prisoners may meet with leniency ; if Lord Mar be already defeated, which much I fear, then the fate of the prisoners may be hard. Let us not forget that their leaders gave themselves up, in the hope that the common sort might escape unharmed and free.'

It was Tom's good heart and compassionate nature made him listen to the counsels of Lord Widdrington. He gave up himself and his

friends to save the poor fellows who had followed them; there was to be no unnecessary bloodshed. I know now that this is not the way in which campaigns should be conducted. Does a Marlborough when he meditates a Blenheim think with pity of the soldiers who will die in carrying out his plans? Tom was not a Marlborough, nor ought he to have been a general. Yet as for his courage, that was abundantly proved; as for his honesty, that was never doubted; as for his military genius, we must look for it in the plans proposed by Colonel Oxbrough, and if we find it not in the history of the campaign, we must remember that discord prevailed in every council, where every man regarded himself as equal to the General-in-Chief. The leaders, when there was no hope but in a great carnage, gave themselves up to save the rest. It was nobly done by them. As for King George's clemency, we must look to the heads on Temple Bar, the scaffolds on Tower Hill, the shootings and hangings at Liverpool, Warrington, and Preston; the deaths in prison, the confiscated estates, and the long lines of wretches put on board the ships at Liverpool,

and sent out to work for the rest of their days, torn from their homes, in the Plantations of Virginia and Jamaica.

Mr. Hilyard went on to finish his narrative.

'In the midst of the confusion, one Mr. Alexander Murray, Lieutenant in Strathmore's Regiment, being a hot-headed youth, and full of indignation against the surrender, made his way to General Forster's quarters, where his honour sat, in melancholy mood, as may be imagined, and with him one or two gentlemen, and Mr. Patten, his chaplain. Mr. Murray carried in his hand a pistol, which no one had noticed until he burst into their midst, and crying 'Traitor!' levelled it at Mr. Forster's head, and would most certainly have killed him, but that Mr. Patten struck up the pistol, and the shot went into the ceiling.

'Quite early in the morning, almost before daylight, the Dragoons rode in. A trumpet was blown, and, all being presently drawn up in the market-place, the men were told to lay down their arms, which they did with very rueful faces, and only because they had no more ammunition, and there was no one to lead them. Thus ended our great and glorious

Rebellion. I have left at Preston near 500 English gentlemen and followers and soldiers (where are all the rest—those who promised, but came not; and those who came, but ran away?), and 1,000 Scots, of whom 150 are noblemen and gentlemen (but at least 1,000 must have got away, or gone away, before the fighting began). What they will do with all I know not. My greatest hope is that, seeing they have so many in the net, they may pardon all; but my greatest fear is that, seeing they have both small and great, they may punish all the great while they suffer the small to go free.'

'Then, how is it,' I asked, 'that you, too, are not a prisoner?'

He laughed, and took another draught of the October.

'When I perceived,' he said, 'how things were likely to go, I reflected that a free man is certainly more useful than a prisoner; and that, if I could be of any service to his honour (as the mouse was once of service to the lion), it could only be if I was free. Wherefore, I cast about in my mind for a way of escape. Happily, I remembered that the man in whose

house I was billeted, an apothecary by trade, had already professed some kind of friendship for me because of certain recipes, secrets, and ancient mixtures, which, out of my reading in Celsus, and other learned authors, I had been able to impart to him. Therefore, before the proclamation for all to repair to the market-place was issued, I had already awakened my friend from sleep, and communicated to him my plan. It was nothing more than this, that, having first shaved my head and chin (one of the marks of our men being a bristly chin), he should give me an old second-hand full-bottomed wig, such as is worn by those apothecaries who wish to pass for learned physicians, and a blue apron, and should put me behind his own counter. This obliging man, for whom I will most certainly transcribe the Roman cure for podagra as soon as (if ever) I reach home—that is, the Manor House—again, most generously gave me all I wanted. *Nota bene*, he is a bachelor, which made the thing easier, there being no woman in his house to pry and talk, except a deaf old crone. I, therefore, became for the day his apprentice, assistant, or journeyman, serving drugs,

mixing medicines, and preparing lotions, emetics, plaisters, and other things for the sick men and wounded. You may think that all this time I kept my face so screwed up, that no one, even of our own men (but they were under ward) should know me. Another service the apothecary did for me. Lord Widdrington was ill with the gout; my (supposed) master had to prescribe for him. This would give him, I thought, the chance of speaking a word to his honour.

'The good man told me that he found his honour at the Mitre Tavern, where were also all the lords and some other of the gentlemen, the whole company greatly cast down; that, after giving Lord Widdrington his medicine, he whispered in Mr. Forster's ear (but there were no sentinels in the room to watch or guard the prisoners) that I was in his house, safely bestowed and disguised for the present, and designed to escape on the first opportunity, and that I desired to know if I could be of service to him. To this Mr. Forster replied that he knew not what could be done. "But," he said, "bid Mr. Hilyard, as soon as he safely may, go to Lady Crewe, and inform her

exactly of all the circumstances. And tell him to take care of Mistress Dorothy, my sister."'

Thus in the hour of his greatest humiliation did my brother find a kind thought for me.

'When the night fell,' Mr. Hilyard went on. 'I made haste to depart, all the more quickly because my benefactor, the apothecary, began to be uneasy lest any of the townsfolk should accuse him of harbouring a rebel. By this time the search in the houses was over, and the streets swept clear of our unlucky insurgents, who were all under lock and key, except those fortunate enough to get off, like myself. As for the Highlanders and common soldiers, they were all clapped into the parish church. But because the Dragoons were riding up and down stopping and questioning all passengers, I filled a basket with some bottles of physic, and put a little biscuit into my pocket. Thus prepared, and with my apron still tied round me, I sallied forth. Now all the roads were blocked with patrols, but I knew a way, could I reach it, where a lane led to a meadow, and beyond the

meadow was a ford over the river, and beyond the ford open fields. The night was dark, with sleet and rain, which helped me to pass unperceived, though in a great quaking, for, believe me, I had no great confidence in my apron should I be questioned. In a word, I got in safety to my lane, ran across the meadow, and through the river, up to the middle in the freezing water, and so into the open country. All that night I walked or ran, and towards morning found a barn, where I lay on soft straw, and slept the day through. And so I made my way here, and am once more, Miss Dorothy, if I be not taken prisoner, hopeful to serve you again.'

This was the story which Mr. Hilyard brought to me. When I had heard it throughout I sat awhile as one who is stunned with a blow upon the head, saying nothing, while Mr. Hilyard began to comfort me and himself with illustrations, taken from sacred and ancient history, of misfortunes and reverses to kings and princes, instancing Crassus, Crœsus, Polyeuctes, Cato, Brutus, Cassius, Hannibal, and many other notable cases, in which fortune proved fickle. Alas!

what did the violent death of Cato signify to me, who was in terror for a brother? Presently he ceased talking, and his eyes closed. He was asleep. This did not show want of feeling, for I remembered that the poor man had been walking for two nights, and was tired out.

I left him sleeping, and went to my own room, where I lay awake all night, thinking what should be done. To all my thinking there came but one gleam of hope. There was the King's clemency. Had I known or suspected the vengeance that would be wreaked upon these unfortunate prisoners there would have been no hope left at all.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TO LONDON.

'It is certain,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'that the lords and the chiefs will be taken to London, there to be tried for high treason. I heard that it was already decided from two King's officers, who came to the shop for a plaister on Monday afternoon.'

This made me think that, if one were to help Tom, it must be in London, and I presently resolved that somehow I would get me thither. To be sure, it was a great journey for a woman to undertake, and that in winter. But it must be done. Mr. Hilyard was going to Stene. I would go with him so far; after that by myself, if necessary, or under such charge as Lady Crewe would assign to me, and to such a house as she would recommend

to me. On this I quickly resolved, and was determined. As for Lord Crewe's help, on that I built little, because it needed not a politician to perceive that one of his lordship's history and known opinions would have small interest in a Whig Court. Yet when a man is so highly placed he must have friends, cousins, and old acquaintances on both sides. 'Add to this,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'that to-day my turn; to-morrow yours! The great Whig Lords are not too certain of their seats.'

When, however, I told Mr. Hilyard that I was resolved to go, I had the greatest trouble with him. For, first, he maintained stiffly that it would be impossible to take me with him on account of the weather, it being already the middle of November, the days growing short, and the roads so heavy that no one could expect the coach or any waggons would run. Moreover, there had already fallen so great a depth of snow as I have never seen since, insomuch that Hexham Moor was four or five feet deep in it, and in the drifts much deeper. No one, he said, ought to travel in such weather but those who are young,

strong, and fear not the cold. I replied that I was both strong and young, and fearless of cold. Next, as to other dangers, he was himself well known in these parts as having been in the service of Mr. Forster, both the elder and the younger, for fifteen years; during that time having met with many people and made many acquaintances. It also was very well known that he went out with his patron. This being so, what if he were arrested and imprisoned, and I left alone on the road? I replied that such a thing would be most dreadful, and must therefore be guarded against by some disguise, the nature of which I would leave to his invention. 'Why,' he said, smiling, 'as to that, I doubt not that I could dress up so as to defy them all; but there is also yourself. Will it be wise, think you, men's minds being in a tumult, to proclaim aloud that Miss Dorothy Forster, sister of General Forster, is going to London in order to get off her brother, if she can in any way prevail? There must be disguise for you, as well as for me, if you will go.'

'Indeed I shall go,' I replied; 'nothing

else will content me. And I trust to you to bring me safe to town ; disguise me as you will. Why, Mr. Hilyard, who is there to work for Tom but myself ?'

'There is Lady Crewe,' he said. 'And, truly, I know not what you could do in London.'

'Yes, Mr. Hilyard ; by your leave I could be doing something. I could see Tom, and do what is told me. Surely he has friends in London.'

'Surely he has ; but I fear that they are all on the wrong side, like Lady Crewe herself. Have you no cousins among the Whigs ?'

Cousins I had, plenty as blackberries, but all were honest Tories. Stay, there was one ; but I had never seen her. She was Mary Clavering, who made a great match, and married Lord Cowper.

'Lord Cowper ? Lord Cowper ?' cried Mr. Hilyard. 'Why, he is Lord Chancellor. I Lady Cowper is your cousin, the business is as good as done. But yet, I know not. She cannot ask for many ; and there is Mr. Clavering of Callalee a prisoner. Still, there

is one friend at Court for us. If he only had the money (but perhaps his honour's friends in London will find that) to grease a few palms, I should not despair. Miss Dorothy, if you are brave, and feel strong enough, come to London with me, in the name of God.'

Then he began to plan disguises; and first he thought he would become a clergyman, and I his daughter—then he walked about, puffing his cheeks and smacking his protruded lips, like one of those reverend gentlemen who think too much of the fleshpots and the flask. (While thus acting, he looked for all the world as if he wore a cassock.) But that plan pleased him not, on consideration, because he remembered that it is a long way to London, that accidents might happen on the road, and he be called upon to read the service appointed for the sick, to console and fortify the dying, even to administer the Holy Sacrament, which would be a most dreadful and unpardonable sin; and yet, if he refused, he must needs confess the cheat, and so be haled to prison, or whipped out of the town as a rogue, and very likely I with him. No; that would not

do. Then he thought that he would be a physician, and his face became long, and he carried his nose in the air, and one seemed to perceive the smell of drugs, as is generally the case with these gentry.

'Why,' he said, 'truly, I am already somewhat skilled in medicine, having once, when young, read for curiosity the works of Celsus, Galen, and Avicenna, and could easily pass for a physician until I fell in with a brother of the mystery, when, for lack of the current coin of speech and the jargon of the trade, every craft having its own manner of speech, I should certainly be discovered.'

Then he laughed, for a new idea occurred to him, and he begged me to excuse him for a few minutes. So he left the room. Presently a step outside and a knock at the door. Wonderful is the power of a mime! It is needless to say that I knew Mr. Hilyard under his disguise, but I also knew, which is much more to the point, for whom he wished to be taken. There is in the village of Bamborough an honest blacksmith named John Purdy, of as old a family as our own, because if we have been Forsters of Etherston

from time immemorial, the Purdys have been village blacksmiths for as long (one of them joined the insurgents at Kendal for no other reason than because Mr. Tom was the General, and afterwards for his trouble got sent to Virginia, where he presently was set free, and is now doing well). John Purdy was a man of forty, short and square built, who went lame by reason of an accident in his 'prentice days. He wore a handkerchief tied round his head, and over that a great flapping hat, and in his hand always a stout ashen staff. Such as he was, so was Mr. Hilyard—a simple tradesman, honest to look at, and not ashamed of himself, knowing his duty to his betters. Why, Mr. Hilyard looked almost too much of a village blacksmith. He had no occasion to carry a hammer; there was across his face a grimy stain of oil or grease; his hands were rusty with iron stains; his flapping hat was over the red handkerchief; his neck was wrapped in wool.

'Will this do, Miss Dorothy?' he asked with pride; and as he spoke his face became square like the face of John Purdy, his mouth set firm, and his nose long and

straight. 'Will this do? I am now a North-country blacksmith; I am going to Durham to seek for work with my sister, who is a handy girl, knows her place, and is respectful to her betters. At Durham we shall be going to Newcastle, at Newcastle to York, and at York to London. It is a truly admirable disguise. I am safe, unless they ask me to make a horseshoe.'

His spirits, which had been desponding, rallied again at the prospect of riding to London and play-acting all the way.

I asked him when the prisoners might be expected to arrive in London.

'Justice,' he said, 'is not only blind, but lame. That is why she goeth so slowly. But I see no reason why the prisoners should be kept at Preston. They will ride by easy stages, perhaps ten or twelve miles a day; and it is three hundred miles or so. If I were his honour or Lord Derwentwater, I would try whether a clean pair of heels would not be more to the purpose than Court influence.'

'But suppose they are too well guarded.'

He laughed.

'You cannot,' he said, 'guard a man who resolves to escape, and hath the wit. Oh Lord! everything is possible to him who hath the wit.'

'Then, Mr. Hilyard, why have not you become a rich man?'

He might have replied that it was partly out of his fidelity to me and to mine; otherwise, had so ingenious a gentleman gone to London, he must, surely, have acquired great fame and riches.

We set off on our journey the next morning, in a terrible gale of wind and snow, through which nothing could have kept me up but a terror worse than that of a driving wind across a bleak moor. I had with me in my pocket all the money that I could find, amounting in all to no more than twenty-four guineas. I also tied up, in as small a parcel as I could make it, some of my fine things which I might want in London. These Mr. Hilyard made into a pack. He was dressed in a long brown coat of frieze, with long sleeves, which covered his hands as well as gloves might have done, and was, besides, muffled up about the neck and chin, so that

certainly no one, with his flapping hat and his limp, would have recognised him. As for me, I was dressed like any plain village girl, with a hood and thick flannel petticoats. We were to ride the same horse (but that a good stout nag, easily able to carry both), I on pillion behind Mr. Hilyard; but the way was so bad, and the snow so deep, that I do not think the poor man rode fifty miles out of all the way between Blanchland and London. Often we both walked, one each side the poor creature, who picked his way slowly in the deep snow, and sank sometimes up to the girth.

'If we may believe in the intervention of Heaven,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'we might own that the wrath of the Lord is poured out upon us, for our Rebellion against the Protestant Succession, in snow and sleet, storm and rain.'

'And yet,' I replied, 'there be many thousands in England who have not joined in the Rebellion: and for them, too, are the storm and snow.'

'Yes; and David alone counted the people, yet the people perished.'

Every day, and all day long, Sundays included, we continued our journey in such a winter as I hope never to see again. On the road we were in little danger: footpads would not attack a pair of poor country people: no one was likely to recognise either of us: the danger and the inconvenience were in the evening, when we had to find the rudest lodgings, avoiding the inns, unless we were compelled to go to them; and then Mr. Hilyard would be in terror lest some one should offer a rudeness to me, whereby he would have to fight and create a disturbance, and be taken before a justice; and I in terror lest he should be carried away by his vanity, and begin to sing and to show his gifts and parts. But neither of these things happened. For myself, as soon as I had a bed, or a part of a bed, given to me (which was always among the maids and servants, as suited my pretended condition), I would go there and sit down, and to bed early, while the rest, men and women together, sat round the fire, my blacksmith being thought a surly fellow, who spoke little, though he was willing to drink with any who offered.

Once the night fell before we found a resting-house, and we lost our way. Then, indeed, my brave companion and trusty friend, who had kept me in heart by his own courage, seemed to lose his courage suddenly.

'Alas!' he said, when I reproved him gently, 'I know of dangers whereof you know nothing. We are now warm and not yet hungry, but we shall presently become chilled with the terrible wind, and we shall grow hungry, and we shall yawn and feel a desire to fall asleep. But, mark you, if we fall asleep we shall die. Wherefore, if you see me growing sleepy or heavy, prick me sharply with a pin; and if you so much as yawn, think it not strange if I shake you by the shoulders. It is related in Olaus Magnus how a company of sailors, going a-fishing about the North Cape (where live the little Lapps, and there are terrible sorcerers and magicians), were overtaken by a storm of wind and snow, and so lost their way, and presently fell a-yawning and so all to sleep save one, who kept himself awake with deep stabs and cuts of a knife, causing sore pains; so that if his eyelids fell, for mere smart he

was sure to open them again—and so was at last picked up and recovered. But his companions sleep still, where they lie covered with snow and ice, and so will lie till the Day of Judgment. Miss Dorothy, 'tis an awful tale! Prick me sharply, I pray you, if I so much as offer to yawn.'

The wind blew too cold in our faces for me, at least, to feel sleepy, or to think of yawning. But it was late, and the road grew worse, and I knew not whither we might be going.

The poor tired nag was stumbling now, and both of us at his head. There seemed no vestige of a road. The landscape on either hand, for it was a champaign country, lay stretched out white, covered with snow. The clouds had cleared away, and the moon was out; but not a barn, or a farmhouse, or a cottage in which we could seek for so much as a shelter in the straw. We plodded on, the horse lifting his feet with difficulty, and Mr. Hilyard, now in a kind of despair, begging me from time to time not to yawn, and to have a long pin ready.

Suddenly we saw before us a light, or lights.

'Is it a Will-o'-the-wisp?' I said. 'Or it may be a fairy light. Sure nothing human could be out on such a night, except ourselves.'

'I know not what it is,' he said; 'but I have two loaded pistols in the holsters, and, by your leave, I will have them in readiness: and there is also my cudgel, but I hope I shall not have to use it. Miss Dorothy, forgive me for letting you come with me on this wild-goose chase. I have lost my patron, who will most surely be hanged, and drawn, and quartered; and now I have lost my mistress too. Robbed and murdered shall we surely be; but not you, believe me—not before they have first killed me.'

He was cold and faint for want of food, which made him afraid; but yet he was resolved to sell our lives dear. We cautiously advanced in the direction of the lights, which were not flickering, like goblin fires, but steady. I walked beside him, leading the horse. When, presently, we came to the spot, we discovered that the lights came from three or four great covered carts, such as gipsies use. Mr. Hilyard shouted aloud for joy.

'We are safe now,' he said; 'these people are true Romany.'

It is truly wonderful to relate that these outcasts, whom the world regards with so much scorn, who have no knowledge at all of religion, duty, or morals, who live by pilfering and plundering, who, when caught loitering in a town, are whipped and clapped in the stocks, received us with the greatest kindness as soon as they discovered that Mr. Hilyard could talk to them in their own language.

The women took off my cold and wet stockings and shoes, bathed my feet in hot water, brought me a pannikin of hot broth made with I know not what meats, but comforting; and then, because I was no longer able to hold up my head, they made me a bed of blankets on the floor of a cart, and so I slept till morning. Mr. Hilyard, I learned afterwards, was not so weary but he could sit up and feast and drink whisky with them, and talk to them in their own tongue, so that they took him for one of themselves, only disguised for sinful purposes of his own.

We parted from these humble friends with

gratitude. I have never seen them since, but for their sake I regard this unhappy race of wanderers with compassion, and never see a caravan or a camp without giving something to the women, and a word of counsel, which I doubt is thrown away. unto the men.

'I have heard news,' said Mr. Hilyard. 'These people were, it seems, following the army when, like a mad dog which hath no purpose, we marched up and down the Border. They picked up all the things which we threw away or left behind, and now have stored up, against the time when they can find a market, a great quantity of guns and pikes gathered on the ground after each day's camp. Some of them came into Preston with us, but scowered, like me, after the surrender; some stayed with the enemy. One of them was sent by Lord Derwentwater to Dilston. The Countess instantly put together all the papers she could find, and gave them in charge to one of the cottagers whom she can trust. Then, with her children, she started for London.'

Alas! those tender children!

'Lady Nithsdale,' he went on, 'is also upon

the road. Heavens! it makes one's heart to bleed only to think of the anxious ladies who are toiling along this dreadful road amid these pitiless snows; and of the innocent children who will be robbed of their inheritance—and for what—for what? Will there ever come a time when mankind will cease to bring ruin, death, and misery upon their heads for the sake of princes—yea, and of princes who deserve nothing at their hands but contempt and deposition?'

He then began to harangue upon the wickedness, the tyranny, and the cruelty of kings from Nero to Louis le Grand; I think that his discourse lasted the whole day, and that he omitted no particulars of royal crimes. As to his charges against kings and sovereign princes I have nothing to say, except that we must take into account the fact that they are but men, and exposed to great temptations. Perhaps some day the world may happen upon a race of virtuous princes, in answer to the prayers which loyal people so continually send up to the Throne. But to rail at kings as if we could do without them is to rail at a Divinely-appointed institution, and, therefore,

hath in it something of blasphemy, for which I rebuked this too daring speaker. But he laughed, asking what I knew of Divine Right. Now, when you ask a woman concerning the foundations of her faith, you put a question which she cannot answer, because she must needs believe what she has been taught. But if there were to be no kings, what would become of the virtue of loyalty, and for what purpose was it implanted in the heart of man? Strange that so good a Tory as Mr. Hilyard had always been in Northumberland, should become every day, the nearer we got to London, more of a Whig!

I think, however, that Mr. Hilyard's peevishness about kings sprang from the Litter weather, which made his nose so blue and his hands so cold that he must needs find vent in ill-temper against something. Surely there never was so cold a winter or such dreadful weather for those poor ladies who, like myself, were travelling up to London on behalf of the prisoners. When we reached York, after six days of the greatest hardships that I ever endured, I was fain get to bed, and stayed there from Saturday afternoon till Monday

morning. Here Mr. Hilyard resolved to put aside the Northumbrian way of speech, and became a Yorkshireman. No one, however, suspected us or asked any questions; nor was any insult offered to me, as Mr. Hilyard feared might happen. I think, for my own part, that the common sort of English, everywhere, as well as in Northumberland, though rude and rough, do not insult women. This savage vice is reserved for gentlemen; not the meaner sort of men, but those who scower the streets at night, and intercept solitary passengers in unfrequented parts.

At York Mr. Hilyard cast about for a waggon which might be going to London, but there was none; the weather being so bad that no cart or waggon could take the road. While we were there Mr. Hilyard learned that the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, going up to London on the same errand as ourselves, would not stay for the weather to break, and the coach to start, but was riding on with all speed.

'She is a great lady,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'daughter of Lord Powis, whom King James at St. Germain's made a duke; one of her

sisters is the wife of Lord Montague; she hath cousins on both sides, yet I doubt if they will avail her aught.'

'If she have so many cousins,' I said, 'and yet cannot wait for the weather to break, how much more should I push on, who have so few to help!'

He made no objection to this, and we left York the next morning, though the snow was still so deep that not only the stage, but even the post was stopped. But there was one happiness, that the road grows easier and smoother with every mile that one gets nearer London, and there are many more inns of all kinds, especially of those frequented by cattle-drovers, waggoners, carters, carriers, and handicraftsmen going from town to town upon the way; therefore suitable for a blacksmith going to London looking for work, with his sister looking for respectable service. These places were rough, and the food was coarse, like the talk; yet they were safe for us. Now I remarked, not once or twice, but everywhere along the road, that the common people, who talked about nothing but the Rebellion, were one and all hot for the

Protestant Succession. I heard it everywhere declared that the intention of the Prince was to introduce the Pope and the Roman religion, with the Inquisition, the rack, stake, thumb-screw, and all the tortures of which they had heard. As soon as he was firmly on the throne all good Protestants would be sent to the flames, after having their limbs cruelly racked and twisted. I know not what may have been the opinions of the country gentlefolk, but as regards the common country people there could be no doubt whatever on this point. Nothing could be held in greater abhorrence by them than a Popish sovereign. I shuddered, too, at their bloodthirstiness. The gallows was too good for such traitors and villains as Lord Derwentwater and General Forster ; the most exquisite tortures should be prepared for them, every man loudly expressing his willingness to administer them, so that it was shocking to hear them talk. And then most pious ejaculations for the safety of Mother Church interlarded with the most desperately profane oaths ! Mr. Hilyard seemed to take a pleasure in encouraging this cruel and sanguinary talk ; and, when I reproached him with it,

excused himself partly on the ground that he dared not even be suspected of Jacobite principles, lest all should be discovered, and therefore he fell in with their mood ; and next, that many of those who were loudest in their talk were, he thought, secretly on the Prince's side, but afraid of betraying themselves, and that it amused him to watch their anxiety to seem on the safe side. 'But,' he said, 'doth not this show the madness of our late attempt ? What is it like—and on which side—the voice of the country of which we have heard so much ? Where are those hearts which were said to be beating for the Prince ?'

He could not contain his indignation and wrath at the folly which had plunged us all in such misery, but inveighed without ceasing at the cruelty and recklessness of those in London who caused the whole business. But when he perceived that his words sank so deep in my heart, that I was falling into a kind of melancholy or despair, he changed the talk, and would speak no more in this gloomy way of the rising or its consequences. On the contrary, he assumed the bearing and manner of one who is on a pleasant journey.

Though each step was in three feet of snow, and we made no more, but sometimes much less, than two miles in an hour, he laughed and sang as he went, insomuch that I should have thought him wanting in sensibility had I not perceived that he was playing a part in order to divert my thoughts. And always—can I ever be sufficiently grateful to him, or pray earnestly enough for his spiritual and temporal good?—careful for such comfort and alleviation as he could procure for me, bargaining when we stopped for a good bed for me, and if possible a bed in a room by myself with no other women, because these were sometimes rough and rude; and at York he bought a great soft rug, which he tied upon the saddle in such a way that he could fold it over and wrap my feet, which before had been almost frozen. He carried with him always a bottle of cordial, or strong waters, with which to refresh me (and himself also) when I was faint. As for the fatigue of the journey, that had to be borne with patience, but the suffering—nay, the torture—he endured for himself without repining, though he relieved it for me. Truth to say, it was a fearful journey;

for the sun never once showed his face, nor did the snow cease falling, or the frost cease to continue, or the cold wind of the north to change. All the towns were alike, and every village a copy of the village we passed two hours before—covered up with deep drifts of snow; so that not only did it seem to me as if I must spend the rest of my life in plodding through the snow, but as if I had never done anything else, the former part of it having been a dream. Further, I could not but feel, which Mr. Hilyard had put into my mind, as if Heaven itself was showing its displeasure at our enterprise. Could the Lord, after all, be on the side of an Usurper? If so, where was the Right Divine of which we had been told so much?

'It is by travelling,' said Mr. Hilyard cheerfully, diverting my thoughts, and pretending to enjoy the journey, 'that we learn the world and watch the manners of men. I have always envied the great travellers of whom we read. Herodotus, Ulysses, Marcus Polus Venetus, Christopher Columbus, Sir Francis Drake, and others, though none of them, I think, had worse weather and worse

roads than we. Therefore it is the greater merit to bear up cheerfully and keep a brave heart as you do, Miss Dorothy'—here I lifted my head and pushed back my hood a little. Alas! the same falling of the snow, the same drifts against the trunks, the boughs drooping with the weight—when would this journey end? 'Like them,' Mr. Hilyard continued, 'I would take ship and sail for distant islands, and resolve the many doubts which beset those who would construct the *mappa mundi*. Perhaps upon the way I should encounter Elias Artifex, the Wandering Jew, who must be by this time an accomplished geographer. Then I would learn whether there be a high rock of loadstone, or whether it be the pole star which causeth the compass to point one way; where is the kingdom of Prester John; whether the story of the great bird Rucke in Madagascar is true, and if he can of a verity carry an elephant; what is the cause of the Nile's annual rising, what of the currents in the Atlantic; what is the outlet of the Caspian Sea; whether Mount Caucasus be higher than the Pico of Teneriffe; whither go the birds in winter, and if it be true that in

Muscovy is a race of men who sleep all the winter like dormice; where was the site of the earthly Paradise—with many other great and important questions not to be solved except by travelling to those places.'

And so on, talking continually, and forcing me to listen, lest perchance I might fall into that kind of stupor of which during those days he was very much afraid.

In a word, it was the most frightful journey ever woman undertook. Even now, I dream of it sometimes—and in my waking moments it seems to have been a dream—and always along that white, silent and terrible road, there was present before my eyes the vision of a scaffold and a block, with the glittering steel of the axe, and in my mind the story of that Israelitish woman who spread sackcloth upon the rock, and watched there day and night, so that neither the beasts of the field nor the fowls of the air should touch the hanging corpses of her sons.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LORD CREWE.

So, at last, we came to Stene, Lord Crewe's place in Northamptonshire.

Now, while we drew near to the park-gates, and were thinking how best to convey a message to her ladyship, there passed out a gentleman of grave and reverend appearance, in cassock and full wig, whom I judged might be in the Bishop's service. So I stopped him, and asked him civilly if he was perchance his lordship's chaplain.

'I am,' he replied, in some surprise at the question. 'Why, my good girl?'

'Tell him, Mr. Hilyard,' I said. 'Tell him all.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'this young lady is not what she seems. She is Miss Dorothy Forster, sister of Mr. Thomas Forster the

younger, who lately commanded the rebel army, and niece of Lady Crewe. We are on our way to London; but first she would have speech, if, it may be, with her ladyship.'

'What!' cried the clergyman. 'Have you not heard? Good Heaven! Her ladyship hath been dead these six weeks and more!'

Dead! Lady Crewe was dead! Then was I friendless indeed.

'She died,' he went on, 'of a fit or convulsion, caused, we are assured, by her anxiety on learning that a warrant was out for the apprehension of her nephew. She never learned the news of his rising, which was kept from her by order of my lord, for fear of greater anxiety. She died on the 16th day of October.'

'The stars in their courses fight against us,' said Mr. Hilyard, in consternation. 'Terror ubique tremor, timor undique et undique terror.'

'Who are you, sir, pray?' asked the chaplain, astonished to hear Latin from the mouth of a blacksmith.

'I was formerly Mr. Forster's tutor, and have since been his steward. I am in disguise,

partly because I also was with the insurgents, and am not desirous of being taken. But, sir, could we speak with his lordship?'

'My lord is much broken by the death of her ladyship. Yet, I doubt not that he will receive her niece.'

He took us into the park, and so into the hall of the house (a great and stately house it was, though not so fine as that of Bishop's Auckland or the Castle of Durham), and begged me to wait a few moments while he sought his lordship.

Lord Crewe was sitting in his library in a high-backed armchair, a book on the table beside him, and a great coal-fire burning.

'Come, child!' he said, holding out both hands; 'come, kiss me for thy dear aunt's sake! Thou hast heard my irreparable loss.'

'I have just learned it, my lord, to my infinite sorrow. For, oh! I have lost her to whom I looked for help at this moment, and she is gone; and I may now lose my brother, who is a prisoner, and on his way to London to be tried.' And so, weeping and sobbing, I fell at his lordship's knees.

'Ay,' he said, laying his hand upon my head, 'weep and cry, child! Youth hath tears; age hath none. Life hath nothing left for me: I have lost all, my dear. Thou art strangely like her when she was young. Stay with me awhile, and let me comfort myself by merely looking upon thy face. Nay, I have heard of thy misfortunes. Tom is a prisoner. Fools all! fools all! Yet I warned him; I admonished him. This it is not to listen to the counsel of an old man. What would you do for him?'

'With permission, my lord, we would go to London and try to save him,' Mr. Hilyard replied.

'Who are you, sir?' he asked. 'Oh, I remember now. It is the Terræ Filius. And how, sir, doth so great and powerful a man as you propose to tear these rebels from the grasp of Justice?'

'As yet, my lord, we know not; but we hope that a way will be opened. There are, first, the chances in our favour. The Court may take a lenient view, seeing that so many are involved; or there is the clemency of the King.'

'Pass on to the next chance,' said the Bishop. 'Build not on the clemency of Kings.'

'Why, my lord, if he is to be tried, there is not much more to be said. But, perhaps he may not be tried at all. A pardon might be procured by friends in high place.'

'In this matter, sir, look not to me for help. I am now old. All my friends, if I have any left, are on the other side.'

'Then, my lord, saving your presence, there are juries to be influenced——'

'They will not be so foolish as to try them by a jury.'

'Next, there are, my lord, asking your pardon, guards to be corrupted, as has been done in many famous examples.'

'Tush—tush! tell me not of these secrets. You will want money, sir, and much money. Man, let me look at you full in the face. Your eyes seem honest. In these times, and in such a service, the scarcity of honest men is lamentably felt. Yet you seem honest, and you have proved faithful. Suppose, Dorothy, child, I were to find you the money—doth Tom trust this man? To be sure, he would

trust any man who offered. It is their easy temper, not their ill-fate, which hath ruined the Forsters.'

'We have trusted him, my lord, for fifteen years.'

'Look ye, sirrah!' his lordship shook his long and lean forefinger in the face of Mr. Hilyard. 'Look ye, if you now betray the trust, the malediction of the Church itself shall follow you to your death—and after,' he added solemnly. Then he paused. 'To do these things,' he presently went on, 'may require much money. He must be defended if he be brought to trial: if he never come to trial—— How much money have you?'

'We had twenty-four guineas when we left Blanchland. We have spent six on the road. There are eighteen guineas left. It is all our stock.'

'Eighteen guineas!' my lord laughed. 'It is a goodly stock. Now, sir, I will give you a letter to my agent and factor in London. He will provide you with all you want—understand, *all!* Do not be afraid to ask. My wife, the most beautiful and the most faithful woman in the world, is dead: alas!

I, too, shall follow soon; my days will be few and full of sorrow. I am old—I am eighty-two years of age—my work is done—I have now nothing left but meditation and prayer.' He went on in this way so that I thought his mind was wandering with age and trouble; but he did not forget what he designed to say. 'Therefore, because she would have wished it, her nephew, who hath proved a fool and a companion of fools, shall not suffer, if I can help it, the just consequence of his folly. Go then, to this man of business, and let him know who thou art; give him my letter, and, when the time comes, ask boldly for as much as will be wanted—nay, if it cost ten or twenty thousand pounds he will give it thee.'

'Oh, my lord!' Mr. Hilyard fairly burst into tears. 'This is princely generosity. I hoped for nothing more than a help to maintain my mistress in London. Why, with such help as this, his honour is as good as free already.' He knelt and kissed his lordship's hand.

'Go, fellow,' said the Bishop, not unmoved. 'But remember lest they say, as was said to Peter, "Thou also art one of them." Keep

thine own neck out of the halter, if thou wouldst save Tom Forster's. And, as regards the money, waste not : yet spare not. Enough said. And now, Dorothy, if thou wilt stay awhile in my poor house, let me have thee clad in habits more suitable than these——'

'I thank you, my lord, for all your kindness : but I cannot rest day or night until I am in London.'

So we took our letter, with a full purse of money besides, and receiving the Bishop's blessing, went on our way. My aunt was dead ; but her affection for her own family survived in the remembrance of her husband.

I never saw so great a change in any man as was wrought in Mr. Hilyard by the prospect of this money. He capered and leaped, he danced and sang upon the heavy road.

'Why,' he said, 'we are made men now ! Let us rejoice. Let us concert our plans.'

He devised a thousand plans, but none of them suited, and he began again every hour with a new one. Most, indeed, seemed to me as unreal and improbable as the intrigue of a comedy or the plot of a tragedy. He seemed to multiply difficulties in order to get rid of

them by sudden surprises. Nevertheless it pleased him, and it beguiled the journey, which continued as cold as before, but was not so miserable, because we now had money and could dwell upon the future with a little hope. Indeed, it passed all understanding to think that I started on this long and costly journey with such an end in view, and no more in money than twenty-four guineas! But then I only knew, concerning money, that, in Northumberland, with a guinea one can keep a household for nigh upon a month. As for money of my own, I never had any.

'With money,' went on Mr. Hilyard, 'dungeons are opened, prison-bars removed, and captives set free. With money, justice may be bought, as well as injustice. With money, good may be accomplished as well as evil. Why, the history of the world is the history of bribing. I could narrate endless examples——'

He did; and during several days he instructed me in the part which bribes had played in the progress of the world. So that in the end it seemed to me as if nothing, good or bad, had ever been accomplished without

a bribe and a pretence. But such knowledge doth not tend to edification.

It was on the 9th day of December that we drew near to London. Now, as we walked along the road we became aware of a great stir and bustle, many men and women hastening southward, the same way as we were going, as if impelled by desire to see some wonderful show. The road was also covered with waggons, carts, and horsemen.

'This,' said Mr. Hilyard, with pride, 'is what happeneth daily in the great roads which lead to London.'

'Yes,' I said. 'But why do all the people wear favours?'

This he did not know; but he asked one, and presently came back to me with perturbed countenance. 'Miss Dorothy,' he whispered, 'we are none too soon. This day the prisoners will be marched into London.

It was the very day when the procession of prisoners arrived. We were to see them pass, willy-nilly; for there was no turning back without exciting distrust, and the people were very fierce and angry. Mr. Hilyard even bought a favour for himself and another for

me, to avert suspicion. Thus decorated, we followed with the stream of country people who flocked along the road. They were all going, we learned, to a place called Highgate, where there is a lofty hill from which London may be viewed (they say Whittington, while sitting here upon the grass, heard the bells of Bow calling him back); and they were flocking to see the most wonderful show for many a long year, namely, three hundred English gentlemen led in triumph along the way for the mob to jeer at and insult. Truly a magnanimous thing for a victor and a Christian King to command!

If the country people came to Highgate in their smocks, the town people came out in their greasy coats; there were thousands on the hill and on the slopes; where the road sloped downward through hedges and trees, now white and heavy with snow, we saw the mighty multitude rolling to and fro like waves near the shore, and heard them roaring like the waves that beat upon the rocks. Some standing near us said aloud that the prisoners would never reach the town, but be torn to pieces upon the road.

'Take courage,' said Mr. Hilyard. 'Look! there is a detachment of Guards to convoy them safe, let the mob roar as loud as they please.'

Presently I perceived the melancholy procession slowly coming towards us. Alas! alas! Was this the end? Was it for this that my lady flung down her fan, and I with joyful heart applauded and approved the deed? They defiled slowly past us, riding two abreast, and divided into four detachments or companies. The arms of every man were pinioned behind him; his horse was led by a foot soldier carrying a musket with fixed bayonet; each division was preceded by a troop of horse with drawn swords, their drums insulting the unhappy prisoners by beating a triumphal march in derision.

As this miserable procession marched past the people crowded in on every side, crying out the most frightful imprecations, of which 'Papists! Bloody Catholics and murderers!' were the least injurious. Most of the gentlemen thus insulted rode by proudly with head erect, as if they were in a triumphal procession. Was it possible, I asked myself, that

Englishmen could thus come out to insult the fallen?

In the last division rode the English noblemen, and with them my unhappy brother. He sat with hanging head, his hands tied behind him, his cheek pale. Alas! poor Tom! What were his thoughts? 'He knows not,' whispered Mr. Hilyard, 'of the letter in my pocket.' Beside him rode Mr. Patten, his chaplain. He, for his part, seemed proud of his position; he looked about him cheerfully, and nodded his head to the crowd, which assailed him with the vilest language. 'He is a brave man,' said Mr. Hilyard. 'It repents me that I called him Creeping Bob. I have forgiven him his Oxford business.' As for Lord Derwentwater, he sat upright—his eyes bright, his cheek flushed, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

'Draw your hood closer,' Mr. Hilyard whispered; 'this rabble must not see your tears.'

When the last of the Dragoons who brought up the rear had gone, the mob crowded in and ran along the road behind. There were left only the decent sort. One of

those, dressed soberly in a brown coat, said to me, gravely:

'Young woman, this is a sorry sight, but yet a joyful for honest folk. Remember that these men are the enemies of freedom. I desire not the blood of any man; but I pray above all things for continuance of liberty, especially of conscience and opinion. Keep thy tears, then, for a better cause.'

'Alas! sir!' I could not refrain from saying. 'What if a woman have friends—a brother, even—among them?'

'Madam'—he took off his hat—'I ask your pardon, and I pray for a happy deliverance for your friend—or brother.'

He went away, but this imprudence frightened Mr. Hilyard mightily, and he hastened to push on down the hill.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN LONDON.

In this way we came to town, where my first night was full of dreadful dreams, and my sleep troubled with the sight of the poor prisoners marching along the road amid the derision and the hootings of the mob. But at the end of the road there was a black scaffold and a gibbet beside it, with hanging ropes; a block, and a man with an axe: and beside me stood no other than my maid, Jenny Lee, saying, as she pointed to Tom, 'Great name; great blame,' as she had said on the Eve of St. John.

The place where I was lodged was in a street near Drury Lane, called Great Wyld Street, at the house of one John Purdy, a cousin of John Purdy, the Bamborough blacksmith, himself born at Lucker, but come

to London to seek his fortune in that trade, and knowing me very well when I was little. He was married to a buxom young London woman, and had a family of four or five children, being a thriving tradesman. His wife, a decent, kind-hearted body, though a stickler for the Protestant Succession, and of the Independent sect, was curious at first to look upon the sister of the General Forster of whose doings everyone had lately heard so much (the people, I know not why, called him the 'Man under the Rose,' and he was popularly supposed to be the chief mover and agent in the whole affair).

'Sometimes,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'popular beliefs make history. Can it be that Catiline was only an instrument, and Spartacus a tool? Will his honour, the dupe of crafty and designing men, go down to posterity as the fabricator of the whole business?'

In the morning the good woman made a hundred excuses to come into my room: she had a log of ship-timber fresh come up from Deptford; she would ask my pleasure concerning dinner and supper; she could get me some fine fresh fish and always with some-

thing about the prisoners. 'They were followed with shouting and curses,' she said, in her desire to comfort me, 'all through the town and as far as the Tower, where they have placed the lords; they sang songs running along beside them, and dangled warming-pans out of the windows. As for Lord Derwentwater, they say he is as handsome as the day, and never lowered his head or made the least sign that he heard a word; he might have been going to his wedding instead of his death, the poor young gentleman! As for the gentlemen, some of them are in Newgate. 'Tis a pity! Mercy, they say, will be shown to none, but all will be hanged. Oh dear! Yes, hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their legs and heads set up on Temple Bar. A thousand pities, to be sure!'

It was cold comfort, indeed, that this good woman gave me. Her husband, however, was better. He came to offer me his best services, and if there was anything he could do for his honour or for me, to let him know; he said that, of course, he recognised Mr. Hilyard in his disguise as a countryman, for

which he supposed there was good reason ; but he was a North-countryman, and knew the respect due to the Forsters, and how to keep a quiet tongue in his head, especially where his wife was concerned.

Early next morning Mr. Hilyard himself came to see me. He was now transformed again, feeling as much pleasure in this, his second disguise, as a child feels in a new toy. He was, if you please, a physician, with an immense great wig, a black coat, and sword—very grave, but with nose in the air ; he rode in a hackney-coach, because, he said, no one regardeth a physician who walks ; besides, it was sixteen years and more since he had sat in a glass-coach. I do not know that there was any necessity for this careful disguise, seeing that no one in London knew him, and that all who were with him in the rebel army were dispersed or prisoners. But he thought so, and it gave him confidence. Besides, he felt himself a secret agent or officer of Lord Crewe, and therefore bound, I suppose, to spend his money.

'My Lord Bishop,' he said, 'will approve of this disguise when he hears of it. Money

cannot be better laid out than in artifices which prevent suspicion. Until our plan is completed and we are ready for action, we must lie quiet and snug, and take care to give no occasion for talk.'

He then sat down and proceeded with his news. But first I remarked in him a great vivacity and air of enjoyment. He said that it was the noise of the London streets and the smell of the London air which raised and exhilarated his spirits, so that he felt an uncommon lightness of heart, although the circumstances of this return to his native air were so unhappy.

'And now,' he said, 'I must tell you that his honour is lodged in Newgate, with seventy or eighty of the gentlemen, and the rest are in the Fleet and Marshalsea, except the lords, who are all in the Tower. So much I learned in the coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, whither I repaired after buying these clothes at second-hand in the Minories. The talk is of nothing but the rebels and the prisoners. It is sixteen years and more since last I smelt the tobacco and the coffee. I hope you like this wig ; it cost me three guineas, and was

the property of a great physician now deceased. All the talk, I say, is of the prisoners. They say the insults of the mob were incredible. The mob is now fired with a noble zeal for the Protestant Succession, and hath grown mighty pious. It is a religious fervour which is too hot to last, but may yet prove disastrous to our friends. I have found a lodging in Great Queen Street, not far from here and convenient for Drury Lane Theatre, where I can lie snug. I have told the landlady, who is a respectable widow woman, that I am a physician from the country, come to town on business. I have paid her a fortnight in advance to prevent questions being asked. And now comes another piece of news which will indeed astonish you. Last night I went to the theatre to divert myself.'

'To divert yourself! Oh, Mr. Hilyard! did you come to London to divert yourself?'

'Nay—nay—but, believe me, when nothing can be done, it is good to relieve the mind. We must not think of one thing only, or we might presently fall into a melancholy, a lethargy, and so be able to effect nothing.

Consider, pray, how long and painful hath been the journey to London, and with what sad thoughts and gloomy forebodings we lengthened the miles. Believe me, Miss Dorothy, not for the pleasure of the acting did I go, but as medicine or physic to the soul.'

He spoke so earnestly that one could not but forgive him. Besides, it was sixteen years since the poor man had seen the theatre.

'The piece was the "Cobbler of Preston." But never mind the piece, although it was, for that matter, admirably played. Yet more fire might have been expressed by him who played—but, I forget ; my news has nothing to do with the play. I would you had been in the house to see the brave show, the beaux and the modish ladies. I could have wept to think of the old times when I used to go there whenever I could find a sixpence for the gallery, or a shilling for the pit. The house quite full, and the talk about nothing but the brave bearing of the prisoners. Mostly my Lord Derwentwater was commended, because of all he seems to have the poorest chance of escape.

They have already begun to hang them in Liverpool, it is said.'

'But your news—your news, Mr. Hilyard!'

'It is that the principal female character was played—you will never guess! It was played—you were never so surprised in all your life—and played with so great a fire, such justness of gesture and looks, such perfect command of the part and knowledge of the lines as astonished me—by none other, if you please, than your own maid—Jenny Lee!'

'Why,' I said, 'I heard that she had joined the players. There is no reason, that I see, for surprise. She was a clever girl, and I hope she has remained good.'

'Oh!' he said. 'Are you not surprised? Should you wonder if I, beginning as a humble curate, were to become Archbishop of Canterbury? Or if a lad who sweeps out the chambers of a barrister were to become Lord Chancellor? Or if a drummer-boy should grow to command the army? Yet, believe me, this is what Jenny Lee has done. Among actresses she is a Bishop, a General, a

Lord Chancellor. Indeed she deserves her good fortune, if ever woman did.'

'By reason of her good conduct?'

'Nay; what matters her conduct, good or bad? On the stage she is Calista, Almeria, Celinda, what you will; off the stage we have nothing to say or think of her, any more than of any other woman. I mean that she hath become a most accomplished and wonderful actress. But this is not all. After the play was over I went to the stage-door, and begged that a letter might be taken to Mistress Lee from an old friend. It was but a line that I wrote, asking that an old friend from Northumberland might see her. Now be prepared for a new surprise. She came down in a few minutes, but knew me not, so that I had to whisper my name; and then, without saying a word, she took my hand and led me to her own coach. "Come," she said, "and have supper with me, and tell me all."'

'Her own coach? Jenny Lee's coach?'

'Why, I said, did I not, that she is a queen among actresses? Of course she has her coach, and coachman too. She lives in Red Lion Square, a very convenient and fashionable

part of town, though somewhat far from the theatre. I found in her lodgings no other person than Mr. Frank Radcliffe.'

'I think,' I said, 'that a gentleman of his birth might be more choice in his company. Did he, too, go to the theatre, or to sup with a play-actress, to divert his mind?'

'But,' he repeated, 'she is a very great actress indeed. However, there is not much diversion for Mr. Frank. To begin with, I saw clearly that the poor young gentleman is melancholy mad in love with Jenny. She can do with him what she pleases. You remember the strange thing you saw at Dilston. She orders and he obeys. Yet he looks little like a lover, and is so worn and thin that you would not know him. He says that had he known of the rising he would have hurried to the north to join his brother, but he had no hint or suspicion of it. The poor young gentleman, with his hacking cough, would have been killed in a week. I told him that, so far as I could learn, the Earl had no hint or suspicion of it either, and that, for his own sake, his friends were well pleased that he had not joined that unfortu-

nate enterprise. I then explained the cause of my coming to London, and the manner, which greatly affected Jenny (whose heart, I am sure, is good, though she be an actress). She shed tears, and inquired if in any way she might help us in our business.'

'Why,' I said, 'the Forsters must be sunk low indeed, if they must stoop to seek the aid of an actress who was once a servant-maid.'

Mr. Hilyard replied nothing.

'To be sure,' I went on, 'you yourself seem infatuated with the girl. Is it not intolerable that she should steal away the senses of a young gentleman with her sorceries? And you would have me, her former mistress, go to her for counsel and aid?'

'Forgive me,' he replied, humbly. 'As for her sorceries, I doubt if they are now, whatever they were once, other than any woman can exercise with black eyes and pretty face, and such a wit as Jenny hath. 'Tis true she was your maid; but she is so no longer. All things must have a beginning. Why, I was myself but the son of a vintner, and have, if the truth be told, sat at the

spigot when a boy and filled the measures. Yet was I thought worthy to be enrolled among the gentlemen volunteers, and to fight beside Lord Derwentwater himself at Preston. Jenny was once your maid ; but she is now a great and wonderful actress.'

'Say no more of her, Mr. Hilyard,' I replied.

'Alas!' he said, 'will the day ever come when ladies will look upon actors as they have long since looked upon painters and poets, and hold them in equal honour? But fear not, Miss Dorothy ; Jenny, poor girl, shall not, as she desires, pay her respects to you. Yet she wept, thinking of your kindness towards her.'

He forbore at the time to tell me more, but afterwards I learned what passed. It seems that, like Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Oldfield, and other great actresses, Jenny was continually besieged by troops of lovers and gallants, who swarmed after her like flies in August. I do not know what magic charm there is in her profession and calling which causeth men to run after an actress ; but this I am assured is the case with all of them

who are young and pretty. Among Jenny's courtiers were some of rank and high in office, whose names (though I learned them) must not be mentioned here. But she would have nothing to say to any of them, being resolved upon nothing less than marrying Frank Radcliffe, who loved her with a kind of madness, and on keeping her reputation unspotted for his sake. Because she was an actress, there were stories told about her, and if these were true (but they were not) she must have been the worst of women. She promised Mr. Hilyard at that supper that she would consider, from her knowledge of the town, what was best to be done, and how she should work among those great gentlemen who dangled after her, for Mr. Forster. As for the Earl, he, she said, was altogether game too high for her: he would command a host of friends, and it depended on nothing but the King's clemency or his revenge. But, as for a plain country gentleman, why, perhaps—she could not say—and he was the General, which made it difficult—but she would consult with a certain great man about the Court. All this from an actress and a gipsy girl, who had

been my maid! But strange things happen still in London! All this she would do, and more if she could, for Miss Dorothy's sake, and for no other's; unless it might be for Mr. Hilyard himself, who first taught her to act.

'Her supper was noble,' Mr. Hilyard continued. 'After the meals we have taken on the road, it was a feast of Belshazzar. But Mr. Frank touched nothing, coughing grievously. After supper we had whisky punch, the first I have tasted since we left the north. Alas! shall I ever drink it again with his honour in the Manor House?' Here his eyes overflowed. 'It cannot be but we will somehow get him off—either by interest or else by the golden key.'

I confess that I was at first humiliated and shamed at the thought of owing anything to the backstairs influence of Jenny Lee, and I rejoice still to think that in the end it was not needed. I do not share Mr. Hilyard's admiration of the actor's art, nor do I find anything admirable, unless shamelessness be admirable, in standing up before a thousand people to recite verses, dressed up in a gilt crown and a silk gown. But I was sorry to hear the

bad news concerning Frank Radcliffe, whom I resolved upon seeing as soon as possible. Meantime, for a few days, nothing could be done, Mr. Hilyard said, except to seek out such friends as might help us. Now, so unhappy were we, that of all our friends and cousins—who are legion—there was not one who was on the other side, excepting only Lady Cowper.

In the afternoon of that day, Mr. Hilyard took me abroad, to see some of the sights of London. First, he led me to Drury Lane, where he pointed out the great theatre, the house where Nell Gwynne lived, the place where Lord Craven, who married Princess Elizabeth, had his palace, and many other curious places. Through by-lanes and narrow passages filled with shops and people he next led me into the Strand, which is truly a wonderful thoroughfare, with, on the south side, Somerset House and the site of the old Savoy (now in ruins), Buckingham House, Northumberland House, and many others. The day was very cold, but the ladies were abroad, some in coaches and some walking, the latter mostly attended by gentlemen.

Then Mr. Hilyard showed me the Park and Spring Gardens, but I cannot understand how any can call them beautiful. Perhaps, when the leaves are on the trees, the long straight alleys may look well.

'You should see them,' said my guide, 'in June, when the trees are green, and beneath the trees the fine ladies and the beaux. That is, indeed, a sight to make one dream of heaven.'

From the Park he led me to Westminster Abbey. Here, as the day was growing dark, we wandered in the dim and awful twilight among the monuments, while our footsteps echoed in the lofty roof, and our voices resounded overhead in gentle thunder.

'It is a place for prayer and meditation,' I said. 'Surely in so great a city there must be many unhappy.'

'I doubt it not,' replied Mr. Hilyard. 'The city hath thousands of poor wretches.'

'Do they come here,' I asked, 'to pray and repent?'

He shook his head.

'The Church of England,' he replied, 'keeps these great cathedrals for the spiritual

benefit of the better sort. For the baser kind, and to further and encourge their prayers and repentance, there are mercifully provided the whipping-post, the pillory, Bridewell, where the lash is not spared, and Newgate, with its gaol-fever, its chains, its greedy warders, and the Reverend Ordinary who also goeth in the cart to Tyburn with those who are to be hanged.'

Let me here set down a strange thing, which I thought a freak of Mr. Hilyard's ; yet to which I consented, because one would not throw away a chance: and in the long-run, it helped me much, and perhaps assured me safety, as you will hear.

He was always full of mystery about his plans, sometimes throwing out hints of an armed rescue by means of a Jacobite mob; and at other times dwelling on the necessity of caution, and secret corruption of persons in trust. Once, I remember, he proposed seriously a forged pardon and order from the King to let Mr. Forster go free.

'If,' he said, 'it was a tragedy we were writing, I should say that no better plot could be devised than the escape of the prisoner, on

the morning of his execution, by means of a forged pardon. But I doubt whether the difficulty of deceiving the Governor, and the uncertainty as to the proper form of signature —whether paper or parchment, how to be worded, how sent to the prison—would not prove fatal to the design.'

And so with many other notable designs.

One day, however, he informed me that he had considered the subject carefully, and was of opinion that steps should be taken to throw suspicion, after the escape, in a false direction; that he had already learned, from a certain source, of a sea captain of Wapping, reported to be an extraordinary villain and most treacherous dog, making it his practice to bargain with gentlemen, highwaymen, cut-throats, and others, who might desire to change their native air for that of France, for their conveyance across the water; and, having gotten their money, to betray them for more pay—if he could get it—to the messengers and officers.

'What,' I asked, 'have we to do with such a desperate villain as this?'

'Why,' said Mr. Hilyard, remember that

we know not when we may make our attempt. We will go to him, the first thing; we will open the business, naming no names; we will prepare him, beforehand, to expect a great personage.'

I could not understand why. If the man was a villain, why not go to an honest man, who would truly serve us?

'As for my plans,' he went on, 'they are not perfected; nor can they be until I have seen his honour and inspected the ground. But we cannot begin too soon, nor can we neglect the least precaution.'

I knew nothing, as yet, of his plans; because, as I have already said, what he had opened to me seemed like the foolish story of a play. However, I listened to him in the matter of this Wapping journey (which, although such as would only be thought of by one who had read many plays, turned out, in the long-run, useful), and we rode thither in a glass-coach. I dressed in my best, concerning which Mr. Hilyard was very particular, wishing the fellow we had to do with to take me for a lady of the highest quality.

We came, after a long drive through streets

more crowded and noisy, and with more tumult, fighting, and blasphemy, than I could have believed possible, to the river-bank, to a place called Wapping Old Stairs, where we left the coach and took boat (if the people in the streets swore horribly, those on the river swore much worse), and were rowed to a small vessel moored in the middle of the stream. The captain, who was on deck, had a chair rigged to a yard and lowered for me, while Mr. Hilyard clambered up the ladder. A most sinister and evil-looking villain he was, with a great scar across his face ; but he bowed, and tried to smile and to look loyal and faithful. Judas himself, or Mr. Patten, had not a more sinister countenance.

'Here is the lady, captain,' said Mr. Hilyard ; 'and not to beat about the bush, seeing that we are all honest people here, and of the right sort——'

'Truly,' said the captain, with a most forbidding grin, 'of the right sort.'

'Let us come to the point. We will say that her ladyship hath a husband, brother, father, or lover, anxious, for reasons of his own, to change the air. As for his lordship's

—I mean his honour's—name, it matters not. The question is, first, for how much you will take this gentleman abroad and land him on the coast of France.'

'I will take him, because of his opinions,' said the honourable captain, 'for a hundred and fifty guineas.'

Heavens! what a price for taking a gentleman across the Channel!

'Captain,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'your hand upon it. It is a cheap bargain. This, your ladyship,' turning to me, 'is a man of honour. Of that I am informed by friends in whom I can trust. We may rely upon him. He is a man of honour. It may be a month, or even more, before we are ready. But here is our man. Lucky we are to find a man of honour ready to our hand.'

The captain protested that all the world knew him for a man of honour; but that, as for waiting, he should require ten guineas a week for keeping the boy in readiness.

'You shall have it, captain,' said Mr. Hilyard readily. 'You shall have it. A moderate sum, indeed, for such a man as yourself. But you must be always aboard,

for we may drop down at any hour of the day or night.'

'He is Judas Iscariot the Second, or perhaps his great-grandson,' said Mr. Hilyard when we were ashore. 'We can go home again, remembering that this villain will presently make another bargain for his own advantage, by which he hopes, when he has secured his money from the escaping prisoner, to get a second and perhaps a higher price.'

'How will it serve us?'

'In this way, that they will first look for his honour, when we have got him out, at Wapping, which will give us time.'

This seemed very ingenious; but, meanwhile, how was he to be got out? And here Mr. Hilyard could only talk about his plans, which were as yet, he said, only half-hatched; but he thought of nothing else day or night, and went each evening, in order to seek inspiration, to the theatre. I blamed him not. It was my brother, not he, who was in Newgate; and surely no one could have been more generous and faithful than he during all that long and terrible ride to London.

CHAPTER XXX.

LADY COWPER.

Lord Cowper's great town house was in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the north-west corner. I went in the morning, hoping to find there my cousin (who was now a Lady of the Chamber to the Princess of Wales) free from visitors, and more open to hear my case: and by the advice of Mr. Hilyard, who accompanied me, we hired a glass-coach for the visit, so that the impudent lacqueys and footmen should not fail to pay us the respect which they withhold whenever the outward appearance of a visitor doth not proclaim his quality and rank. Certainly, I think these London varlets are a disgrace to the manners of the City. It matters little what such gentry think of one; but it was of great importance not to be thrust aside and kept

waiting in the hall among the jeers and ribaldry of this people, who are thus badly behaved because their masters do not correct them as they should. Never were any stable-boys, for instance, better mannered than Tom's, because he always went among them, as he went among his dogs, whip in hand.

There was a little crowd about the door, consisting partly of tradesmen waiting to see the housekeeper or her ladyship, partly of footmen in livery, and partly of persons, perhaps gentlemen, looking for the most part anxious and decayed, waiting to present petitions, or to have audience of the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Hilyard left me in the coach, and conversed for a few minutes with a great, insolent-looking fellow in my lord's livery. I saw him put money (it was a whole guinea) into the man's hand.

'Tell my lady,' he said, 'her cousin desires to have speech with her.'

Upon this the man went away, but presently returned, and Mr. Hilyard informed me that her ladyship would see her cousin.

It was still so early that Lady Cowper was

sitting in her breakfast-room, three children playing round her on the floor. I desire before everything else to testify that, though my cousin, Lady Cowper, was the wife of a great Whig Lord and Minister of State, nothing could have been kinder than her reception of me, whose brother she could not but regard as a principal cause of all the trouble, and nothing more friendly than her continued interest in my case, and thoughtful advice. At this time she was about thirty years of age, having been born at Chipwell, in Durham, in the year 1685, and was married in 1706 to Lord Cowper, then Keeper of the Great Seals (she died seven years later of a broken heart, three months after her husband, and is now, I cannot doubt, having been so good a woman, far happier than she ever hoped to be). This virtuous and amiable woman showed in her lovely face the virtues and graces with which she was so bountifully endowed. Her features were straight and regular; her eyes full and soft—my own still shed tears, even to think of her. When I entered the room she rose and came to meet me.

'Cousin!' she said, giving me both her hands, 'I have not learned your name, but I give you welcome. Sit down and tell me what is your trouble—you have great trouble written on your face, my dear—and how I can best help you.'

But at these kind words—almost the first I had heard since the trouble began—my courage gave way, and I fell into a passion of crying and sobbing. Yet I had not cried once, except with my Lord Crewe, since Mr. Hilyard brought me the dreadful news. She took my hands in hers and kissed me, crying with me, I think.

'Tell me, my dear,' she said presently, 'tell me, if you can, who you are.'

'Alas!' I replied, 'I am Dorothy Forster.'

'What?' she said, her eyes full of compassion. 'You are my beautiful cousin Dorothy? My dear, I have heard of you: like poor Lady Crewe, whom this trouble has killed, you could find no one good enough for you in the north, and must needs wait for a Prince. My poor child! I cannot say that I am glad to see you, for, indeed, this is a most grievous and terrible business. Yet,

try to keep up your heart while we consider what may be done. In the first place, there is no hurry, we have time before us: my lord says that the trials of the Peers are certain to come first, but we cannot tell when they will come on. As for your brother Tom —I have seen him, and I wished him to come here often, but he would never pay his court to ladies, and preferred his Jacobite coffee-house—if he were tried to-day or to-morrow, in the present temper of the Court and the town, there can be no doubt of the sentence. You will gain by waiting. But, oh! my dear, consider his offence. He was the General of the English forces. He is not an ordinary rebel. He is as bad as the Earl of Mar or Lord Kenmure. Do not suffer him to be hopeful, but rather let him prepare for the worst. And do you, Dorothy, work your best for him meanwhile.'

Then she asked me where I was lodging, and promised to procure for me, if she could, an order to see Tom in Newgate. All visitors, except such as had permission, were as yet refused admission; but this restriction was speedily broken through in favour of those

who had money wherewith to bribe the officers of the prison.

'I know not,' she went on, 'what may be the mind of the King, but I am very sure that the Ministers will desire that the examples shall be as few as possible. Why, why did not Tom Forster follow the example of so many others, and escape by the way?'

I knew not that any escaped on the way.

'I suppose,' I replied, 'that his honour was concerned. Others might run away, but not the General who surrendered.'

'Nay, but the King's honour is not concerned in granting a pardon to the leaders. Yet it is early to talk of these things. Now, child, come to see me often: this week I am in waiting: I have told the Princess already that poor Tom is my cousin: but of course she can do nothing—yet. My dear, he should have escaped. Oh! they should all have escaped! I have no patience with the punctilio of men who led so crazy an enterprise. Why, if the threatened end were not so terrible, they would all be the laughing-stock of the country. Dorothy, my dear Dorothy, why did you let them do it?'

'Indeed,' I said, 'we believed what we were told: and, alas! the women were worse than the men. We were told—Colonel Oxbrough and Captain Gascoigne said so—that the whole country was with us: the army would mutiny: the people would rally round us—what did they not say?'

'As for these agitators, at least,' said Lady Cowper gravely, 'I trust that full justice will be done.'

'Yet all the way to London,' I told her, 'we heard nothing but curses on the Prince and all his party, and the Pope. Not once in all that long ride did we find a man who prayed for his return.'

Then she asked me how I came to London, and when she heard that it was on horseback, through all the dreadful weather, she threw up her hands in wonder.

'Is there any,' she cried, 'but a brave Northumberland girl who would take such a ride? But who came with you, Dorothy?'

Should I tell? Yet I knew she would not betray me.

'My brother's steward; formerly his tutor—Mr. Hilyard. Oh! Lady Cowper, hush!

let me whisper. He, too, was with them, but he escaped. To bring me to London he dressed himself like a blacksmith, and me like a country-wench. Now he waits for me at your door, disguised as a grave physician. I have placed his life in your hands! But, without him, I am helpless indeed.'

'His life is safe with me, my child; but I would willingly converse with a rebel who thus puts his head in the lion's mouth.'

She rang a hand-bell, and ordered a footman to bring to her the gentleman who was waiting for me.

Mr. Hilyard came, wearing a face of the greatest importance and learning.

'Pray, sir,' said Lady Cowper, 'pardon me. I am anxious concerning my cousin's health. She hath suffered great weariness of body and trouble of mind of late. Your learned counsel, I trust, will not be wanting in the case. You are doubtless a Member of the College of Physicians.'

'I had the honour of studying medicine, my lady, at the renowned University of Leyden,' he replied, without a blush, though the falsehood was so great.

'Would you be willing to take counsel with my own physician? I find my cousin's cheek pale, and her colour comes and goes. These are signs which should not be neglected.'

'Most willingly, madam, will I consult with your physician. But your ladyship need be under no pain in Miss Dorothy's case. She suffers from that complaint for which the ancients did worship Angerona Dea, *videlicet*, Fear: but in her case it is fear on account of others. It is a disorder which affects the brains only of the more noble (the Muses, for example, are said to be melancholy because their followers are poor). For the remedy of this disorder there is, first, the removal of the cause, so that the liberation of his honour, Mr. Thomas Forster the younger, and that of the Earl of Derwentwater, will, I pledge my professional skill, leave this lady as comely of face and as cheerful of aspect as before. But if that may not yet be done, I would prescribe hope, the promise of her friends to help, daily prayer, and certain precepts of philosophy, with the use of herbs, such as betony, a sprig of marigold always in her broth, and the flowers of *Carduus benedictus*. Other simples

there are, with which I will not weary your ladyship.'

'Indeed, sir, my cousin is fortunate in having so learned a physician.'

She smiled as she said this, but Mr. Hilyard bowed low, puffing out his cheeks, and looking so learned and skilful a physician that even I was almost deceived.

Then she dismissed me, promising faithfully to keep my case in mind, and to say what she could to help.

'Do not forget, however,' she added, 'that I have the chief of my own family, Mr. Clavering of Callalee, in Newgate, with many other friends and cousins. To think that the poor old gentleman, now over seventy, should have thought to take up arms. Yet, like Tom Forster and all the rest, his estates are almost ruined by free hospitality and feasting. Yes, I know, Lady Crewe would have given all back to Tom, and so the Forsters of Bamborough might have begun again in greater wealth and state than before. It was her dream, poor lady; and foolish Tom must needs break it to pieces and kill the dreamer. Why, I know not, except that he hoped to

repair his fortunes by another and quicker way, yet full of danger. Well; drink, feasting, horse-racing and sport, have ruined more Northumberland gentlemen of late than all the Scots across the Border in the good old days. Farewell, brave child! We must do our best to remove the cause, most learned sir, of my cousin's sick looks, and then we shall want neither betony, nor marigold, nor—nor the other remedy—what was it?'

'That most noble and sovereign herb, my lady, called *Carduus benedictus*.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE UNFORTUNATE MR. PAUL.

In three or four days Lady Cowper sent for me again to visit her in the morning. She had to tell me that I might now visit my brother in Newgate, for they suffered as many as pleased to visit the prisoners. But that as for the physician, my friend—'Child,' she said, smiling, 'you ought not to have told me. Pray forget that I have the man's secret. Yet was I glad to have seen and conversed with a creature so honest and so faithful. Doth he ask no reward for his services?'

How could he, seeing I had nothing in the world to give him, nor had Tom neither? And the upshot of the whole business to him would be little short of ruin, seeing that his occupation was gone. Lady Crewe dead; Tom, if pardoned or reprieved, probably with-

out any means ; 1 powerless to help ; his own youth gone (he was now at least thirty-seven) —what would the poor man do in this hard world to get him a living ?

'Nay,' said Lady Cowper; 'a gentleman of his gifts can never starve, though it be long before he finds another patron like Tom, and another place to suit his genius so well as the one now in jeopardy. But, my dear, caution him carefully that he go not near Newgate yet, permission or not. Listen : it is whispered that the evidence against the prisoners will be found in the prison itself—I mean, cousin, that wherever there are conspirators there are traitors ; and when it comes to danger for the neck, honour and faith have but a poor chance. Ask me no questions, my dear. None of the gentlemen, our cousins, we may be sure, would consent to save their lives by such villainy. I only warn thee. There may be informers to turn King's evidence. This physician—whoever he may be—lord ! I have no memory—if you even told me, I have clean and altogether forgotten where he comes from—Leyden was it, or Muscovy ?—let him not venture within those walls ; and, if he value his learned neck,

bid him go no more abroad in the streets than is necessary, and if he can disguise his face, let him do so. Informers have one fault: they will still be showing zeal; and, perhaps, to secure a rebel at large might be thought by them more praiseworthy than to convict a rebel in prison. As for Tom,' she went on, 'if he is tried, make him plead guilty. It is his only chance—since he missed the chance of running away on the road. My dear, if Lady Crewe were living, he certainly would never be tried at all.'

She said this with so much meaning, that one could not but understand her.

'Perhaps,' I said, 'Lord Crewe might be willing to do for his wife's nephew what his wife would have done, had she lived.'

She smiled, and looked as if she would like to know more. Then she said:

'If that is so, cousin, keep thy secret carefully. Tell me no more; or if you do tell me, forget that you have told me. But best not. Has anything yet been done? But do not tell me. A woman whose husband is the Lord Chancellor must not know these things. Yet my memory is very short. Oh! cousin,

tell me or not, as seems you best; but, my dear, be prudent. Do not hurry, yet waste no time.'

I told her, then, after reminding her that my brother's life depended on her secrecy, that nothing was yet done, but that we had command of a vast great sum of money, and Mr. Hilyard was engaged in devising a plan which should be safe and expeditious.

'Mr. Hilyard,' she said, 'may be an ingenious man; but in such a case as this an ounce of woman's wit, I take it, is worth a pound of man's. No doubt he could tell us how men have broken prison since the first prison-house was erected by some Greek king; that is the way men cheat us, and because they know history, they think they can do everything; here, however, is no case for the boring of holes through the wall. Remember, my dear, the old story of Jupiter when he was in love, and how he got into the tower of the nymph. You know the pretty, naughty fable? By a shower of gold, my dear. Take your shower of gold in your own hand and try. Alas! how one's tongue carries one away! What has the wife of the Lord

Chancellor to do with showers of gold and Greek damsels? Yet, my cousin, I would to heaven that Tom was gotten clean away! I told the Princess of your long march to London through the snow and frost, and she wept. Do you think your Prince would have wept?'

Now this talk set me a-thinking. For Mr. Hilyard was all in the clouds with his great plans, and talked sometimes as if he was about to raise an army, or to besiege Newgate; and at other times as if he was inventing the plot of some mighty drama, in which the right people always came on the stage at the right time. Yet these vast projects were, I suppose, but the preliminaries to some more practical scheme. As for what I thought and what I attempted, you shall hear presently.

When I repeated to Mr. Hilyard some of this conversation, and especially that part of it which related to King's evidence, he fell into so violent a wrath that I thought he would have had some sort of fit. For, surely, he declared, there can be no more dreadful wickedness than thus to betray the men with whom you have sworn fidelity. We wrote

out lists, so far as we knew them, of all the prisoners brought to London, and we could think of none capable of playing so mean, so treacherous, so contemptible a part. Yet we could not choose but take Lady Cowper's warning seriously, and Mr. Hilyard, with grave face, promised to run no risks that he could avoid.

In spite of his promise he presently fell into so great a danger that he got a terrible fright, and for some time lost confidence in his disguise, and would not venture abroad until nightfall. The way of it was this. Some prisoners being brought to London from Scotland, he must needs, being assured, in his own conceit, against recognition, go stand with the crowd outside the gates of Newgate to see them enter. It was mostly a Jacobite crowd, collected to cheer the unhappy men, but there were Whigs among them. Now, as Mr. Hilyard, in his sober physician's dress, stood among the rest, some one tapped him on the shoulder, and he turned and saw that it was no other than the Reverend Mr. William Paul, the clergyman who joined the rebels in Lancashire, and escaped through having been

sent away with letters. He had put off his cassock, and now, dressed like a plain citizen of London, was come to see the dismal show.

'Ho! brother,' he whispered. 'Do you not know me? Let us go drink a glass together.'

'What!' said Mr. Hilyard. 'It is Mr. Paul! Did you recognise me in this disguise?'

'Recognise you? Of course I did, for all your great wig and your sober looks.'

While they were thus conversing there stepped from the doors of the prison an officer armed with a truncheon, who laid his hand upon the unfortunate Mr. Paul's shoulder.

'In the King's name!' he said. 'I have a warrant to arrest the body of the Reverend William Paul.'

So saying, though the crowd pushed to and fro, and groaned, none dared attempt a rescue, and in a moment the poor man was haled within the prison-doors. (He was one of those afterwards executed.) You may be sure that Mr. Hilyard was not long in retreating,

and for a few days he did not dare so much as to come to my lodgings.

I thought continually of Lady Cowper's words concerning woman's wit, but came not for a long while into any reasonable way of following her advice, for no other cause, I verily believe, than that I could not at all understand how to spend the twenty thousand pounds which Lord Crewe was ready to give us. When, however, I began to go to Newgate (of which I will tell immediately), I distinguished a turnkey or officer who belonged especially to the Governor's house ; and, partly at first in the hope that to conciliate this fellow might soften Tom's lot in prison, I began to give him money.

He was a cunning-looking rascal, about fifty-five years of age, with a foxy face and red twinkling eyes, which from the first followed me about as if I seemed likely to offer bribes. His fingers were curly from the taking of fees, while as for pity towards the poor unfortunate people in ward, his heart, I am sure, was nothing in the world but a lump of stone ; he looked on every prisoner as worth so many guineas, and lamented the execution

of a profitable criminal much as a physician laments the death of a profitable patient. Finding how greedy he was, and keen after money, I began to consider if I could not use him for some more considerable purpose than a careful attention to Tom, for whom, as he had his own man with him, he could do but little, even if he desired. Therefore I increased my gifts, dropping each day something handsome into his palm, and pretending to be grateful for his (supposed) kindness to my brother.

'Such goodness,' I said to him, 'deserves a better reward, which it shall certainly obtain if the General steps out of prison. To be sure, if one were to find a willing and a friendly heart, that were easy. Ah! how gladly would one reward such a person! Think of it, Mr. Jonas!' That was his name.

He grinned and nodded, and said he should not forget what I had said. Then every day that he saw me he would look at me inquiringly, as if to wonder why I did not use his services; and if he got a chance of speaking to me unheard, he would whisper:

'A friendly and a willing heart, your lady-ship.'

This was all my secret. While Mr. Hilyard was concocting great schemes and plots, I was simply trying whether a common servant of the gaol would not do the business for us just as well as if we were to set agoing the whole machinery of a five-act comedy with Spanish intrigues and French surprises.

And as for this fellow, it was perfectly plain to me that, though perhaps he might play me false in the end, he was willing to open his ears wide at the mere mention of the words 'reward' or 'bribe.' Therefore I kept him on and off, saying nothing more at the time, but waiting for a favourable opportunity.

The time was not yet ripe, for outside, not only in London, but over the whole country, there was such an uproar that one would have thought it was nothing less than the defeat of the Spanish Armada, instead of a handful of their own misguided countrymen rising inopportunely in a righteous cause. The bells of the City churches were kept a-clanging; bands of men paraded the streets with favours, shouting and challenging the

Jacks to come forth and show themselves; there was fighting, drinking, profane swearing, lighting of bonfires, and brandishing of warming-pans all day long, and, I dare say, all night as well. As for me, I saw little of it; but once, going to the prison in a coach, we were stopped by a dozen half-drunken men, who pressed round the doors, swearing that I must drink King George's health, or kiss them all. So I drank to the King, wishing in secret that it might choke his majesty, and they laughed and bade the coachman drive on. Why, what a poor cause that must be which wants such swaggerers and drunken reprobates to defend it! The hatred of the people against us was kept up, and aggravated as well, by the sermons of the London clergymen, especially in Nonconformist chapels; and, above all, by the Whig papers, which continually hurled dirt at the unfortunate prisoners and the cause for which they suffered. Lady Cowper bade me pay no heed to these things, because, she said, nobody regards what the journals say. Yet it was dreadful to read the things that were written about the wives and friends of the prisoners.

We were assailed as tigresses—but, indeed, I cannot repeat what they said; they also pleased themselves by enumerating the possessions and country seats of the rebels, which they confiscated, sold, and distributed long before the prisoners were tried at all. And they would not so much as listen to a word of mercy.

The first time I went to Newgate, it was expecting nothing short of underground dungeons, chains, gloom, and misery. Yet when I was admitted, the warden (no other than this same Jonas), after taking my name, and telling me that the General was lying in the Governor's house with a few other gentlemen, led the way to a large and comfortable room on the first floor, which was his chamber. The only inconvenience about the room was that it served as bedroom, dining-room, and parlour all in one. There was no clank of chains, and nothing to remind one that it was a prison, save the feeling that between the house and the street was an ante-room, with turnkeys and a strong door.

It was in the forenoon; Tom was sitting beside a bright coal-fire, his wig and hat lying

on the bed, and his head in a warm linen nightcap. Opposite to him sat Mr. Patten, and both were smoking tobacco, early as it was. But they were silent, and they looked sad. As for the chaplain, who had made so brave a show riding among the prisoners, he was now pale of cheek and heavy of eye.

'Dorothy!' cried Tom, springing to his feet. 'Why, I knew that she would come to London after me! Did I not say so, parson? 'Tis a brave girl. Kiss me, lass. So—now what news? What will Lady Crewe do? What doth her ladyship say? Will she among her friends——'

'Alas, Tom!' I said; 'Lady Crewe is dead. She died two months ago, after a kind of fit, or convulsion, for fear that you would be taken. Tom, 'twas pure love for you that killed her.'

At this dreadful intelligence Tom turned quite white, and fell back into his chair.

'Lady Crewe dead? Then,' he looked round him helplessly, 'what will become of us all?'

'Nay, Tom,' I replied. 'We know not, yet. But keep up heart, brother. There is

time enough yet to consider; and all are agreed that, where so many are concerned, mercy must be shown. For shame's sake they cannot but pardon some of these gentlemen.'

'Why,' said Tom, 'some they may. But I was their General. What do you say to that, Dorothy? Unless they pardon all, I doubt if the General will escape.'

'And I,' said Mr. Patten, shaking his head gloomily, 'was, alas! his honour's chaplain. I doubt they will make an example of me for the encouragement of my cloth. What do they say outside about me, Miss Dorothy?'

'Indeed, Mr. Patten,' I told him, 'I know little of what they say, for as yet I have seen no one but my cousin, Lady Cowper.'

'Miss Dorothy,' he said earnestly, 'pray, you that are so tender of heart, when you speak of his honour to her ladyship, couple my name with his. Say the General and his chaplain. Do not suffer them to be separated. The General with his chaplain. If we have sinned together—nay, I deny not that I exhorted him continually that he was on the Lord's side—we have been taken together.

Why, your honour, Lady Cowper is the wife of the Chancellor—no less. If she pleases she can set us free. But it would cut your generous heart to the quick, I know it, if I were left to hang while you marched out free.'

'It would,' said Tom. 'Fear not, friend; we shall go out together.'

'As yet,' I told them, 'Lady Cowper can do nothing. Nobody can say a word. What she will be able to do afterwards, I know not. Remember that she is a great lady at Court, and a Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the Princess of Wales, and must not seem to screen his Highness's friends too much.'

Mr. Patten was, it was plain, in a great scare, now that he actually found himself in prison, with a prospect of being hanged. I have always been truly thankful that I said nothing at the time of what the Bishop was willing to do; else Mr. Patten (the villain) would have heard and blabbed, and so all been spoiled. Perhaps Tom in his cups might have blurted it out. So I asked Tom only if he was comfortable, and if I could do aught for him.

'Why,' said Tom, 'as for comfort, I suppose whatever you give him, a bird in a cage, or a rat in a trap, is never so comfortable as a bird in the air or a rat in the ditch. For those who have money there is some comfort, as you see; a quiet place at least, where one can take a pipe of tobacco in peace. As for my money, 'tis almost at an end; look you to it, Dorothy, if you can.'

I told him that I could find money for him, but that at present he must not ask from whom it came, because I wished him not as yet to know that it came from Lord Crewe.

'So long as it comes,' he said, 'I care not where it comes from. They made me pay twenty-five guineas for privilege not to wear irons—they are making great fortunes out of us, these turnkeys and wardens—twenty-five guineas, and as much for Mr. Patten here—else would his legs be clinking as he went'—Mr. Patten shook his head and sighed. 'Ten guineas I paid not to be put in the common side; and as much for Mr. Patten—else he would be among the poor devils who have got no money, and pig together like sows in

a sty—now he hath accommodation with no more than two or three at most in a bed, and the Press Yard to walk in with the gentlemen, and the ordinary to converse with.'

'A worthy man,' said Mr. Patten, 'but obstinate on the vice of rebellion, and perhaps over-hot for the Protestant Succession.'

'Five pounds a week they make us pay for lodging in the Governor's house, and another five pounds for a room to myself; and what with garniture here, garniture there, fees everywhere—hang me if the wealth of London would stand a whole winter in this place! But perhaps they won't keep us here the whole winter.'

Mr. Patten groaned aloud.

'As for company,' Tom went on, 'there are all our old friends. Charles Radcliffe, Ned Swinburne and his brother Charles, Perry Widdrington, Jack Hall, Dick Stokoe, and all we used to drink with; we can drink and sing together as much as ever, but there does not seem much stomach for it, because, Dorothy, we can no longer ride together: and as for other company, the prison is always full of it.'

He then went on to tell me how these friends of ours were treated. The prison consists, first, of what is called the 'Common Side,' with the 'Lions' Den' and the 'Middle Dark,' where the baser sort are confined. I know not what must be the sufferings of the poor creatures who, for lack of money, are thrust into these dreadful places, which are, to begin with, filled with men and women of the vilest kind, creatures without (as it would seem) one spark left of virtue, religion, or decency. Some of those who were in that dreadful place were my own friends, the gallant lads I had known from childhood. They stayed not long; if the Jacobites of London would not fight, they could, and did, find money, and before long every gentleman in the gaol found such accommodation as was possible to be obtained in the place. For those who had money might buy the right of using the Press Yard by day, with beds in the rooms round it belonging to the Governor. As for scenes of despair, I know not what they might suffer on the Common Side, but in the Press Yard into which I looked, there seemed nothing but jollity, drinking, and

mirth. Is it possible, I asked myself, that men who are in peril of being sentenced to death can face the danger with hearts so callous? Why, here was a knot of men in a drinking-box as unconcerned as if they were mere visitors, or the place was a common tavern. Some were playing cards, some were talking vehemently, some quarrelling, some playing tennis, some smoking tobacco, some lounging against doorposts ; but as for any decent, God-fearing behaviour, that I think one might look for in vain. All day long they spent in the Press Yard, unless at meals ; at ten o'clock they were locked in their rooms, where sometimes two or three had to sleep on the same bed, until eight in the morning.

'It is a wretched place,' said Tom ; 'and an insult to a gentleman to send him here. Why, I expected at least such a respect due to my position as to be sent to the Tower. But no ; here I am, as you see, shut up with the rank and file, as one may say.'

'Yet you are in good company,' I said ; 'since all your old friends are with you.'

'Why am I not with the lords in the

Tower?' he repeated. 'Surely the General of the army might be treated with as much consideration as any nobleman in his command. I take it ill, Dorothy, I assure you. Some private enemy hath interposed to rob me of the honour due to me.'

I thought that when it came to getting him out, I would rather he was in Newgate than in the Tower; but I did not say so.

'As for my trial,' he said, 'I care not when it comes on; I am assured that I have friends enough to pack a jury. As for that, they will find it difficult to get any jury to convict. I do not fear, Dorothy. Then it will be our turn next, and we will let these gentlemen have a taste of the Press Yard.'

I believe that his friends were right in so advising him; no jury could have been found to agree in a verdict, unless it was made up of Nonconformists. But his face and the faces of all lengthened when they found that they would not be tried by a jury at all. When the Government went back to trial by jury, the verdict in the cases of Ferguson and Innes, Tildesley and Towneley, in which the evidence was plain, and yet the prisoners were

acquitted, showed how much a jury could be trusted.

'And where,' asked Tom, 'is honest Tony?'

'Ah!' said Mr. Patten, 'hath our good Antony escaped? or was he among those taken to Liverpool?'

He looked, although Mr. Hilyard bore such testimony to his friendliness, as if he would rather hear that he was among the prisoners in the north. I could never believe of this man that he wished Mr. Hilyard well.

'He is safe,' I replied; 'and I hope we shall hear of his doing a good stroke for us as soon as he can get about without fear.'

Here again I rejoiced, afterwards, that I did not let Mr. Patten know where his enemy was to be found.

'I would he were with me,' said Tom. 'I miss him more than enough. Without Tony a bowl of whisky punch seems only half complete. But one would not have him taken neither; while as for singing—I doubt if I shall ever hear another song again.'

'Nay, sir,' said his chaplain, 'cheer up. The small and unimportant persons, such as myself and Mr. Hilyard, if he be caught, will

certainly be hanged, drawn, and quartered. We can expect no less. But for the quality, who have friends and influence in high places, why, you may be sure to expect favour. As for us—well, let us be thankful that we have done our duty in the world. He who dies for his country——'

'Pshaw!' said Tom. 'Thou must for ever be talking about dying. Hang it, Mr. Patten, canst thou not drink about like a Christian, and leave dying till thou art sentenced?'

'Ah!' he replied, with a deep sigh. 'Mr. Hilyard is a happy man. Will he not, Miss Dorothy, who can play so many parts, fit upon himself a disguise and visit his old friends?'

'Nay,' I said, 'Mr. Hilyard is safest without these walls.'

'You did not say,' he went on, 'where he is now in hiding.'

I do not know whether he was already contemplating his great villainy, but I mistrusted the man, and so made no reply.

'All the way to London,' Tom went on, 'we were cheered by the whisper that we should be rescued on the road. Why, where

were all the loyal gentlemen we had heard so much of? A hundred gallant fellows with sword and pistol could have done it. Yet they sat still. To-day it was to be in the evening; in the evening, next day; so they cheated us. At last we were to be rescued in the very London streets; yet there was not a voice in our favour, but curses upon us all the way, as if we had not a friend in the City.'

They rose on the assurance that there were thousands to join them; they rode contentedly south, looking daily for a rescue by their friends; even in London streets they reckoned on escape. Ah! what a Fool's Paradise was this, in which we had all lived so long! And how wise was I become after my journey among the common sort of England, and all the talk I had heard of Pope and of Pretender! Methinks, though the voice of the people be fickle and variable, they reckon foolishly who reckon without it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A NOBLE PROJECT.

I HAVE now to tell of a project, daring and yet most simple, which was set on foot at this time, and unknown to any of those most concerned in it—Lady Derwentwater went to her dying day in ignorance of it. True it is that by the act and overruling will of Providence the design was frustrated, but I firmly believe it would have succeeded save for this misfortune.

It was not hatched and invented by Mr. Hilyard, whose designs were truly ingenious, but magnificent, as becomes one who hath read the tragic pieces of Greece and Rome, and knows what a plot should be; crooked also, full of surprises, dangers, and demanding the assistance of a great number of people, as is the case always with high tragedy. A

simple contrivance was not, in so great a matter, worthy of consideration. This design of which I speak was due to Jenny Lee alone, who must have all the credit, though, in her present condition, the poor creature cannot, I am sure, feel any glory in this, or in any other scheme. You shall presently hear what it was.

Mr. Hilyard, partly with a view of giving me what he called a just view of the noble art of acting, partly that he might lead me to regard Jenny with favour, and partly hoping to divert my mind from the continual contemplation of misfortune, persuaded me one evening to let him carry me to the play. A country-bred woman, who hath seen but one London theatre in her life, may without shame confess that it seemed to her like an enchanted island, and that, though the house was full of finely-dressed women and gallant gentlemen, she had no eyes for them, or for anything else, so long as the actors were on the stage. The piece performed was a very fine tragedy, namely, Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada,' in which, Mr. Hilyard told me, Nelly Gwynne, the mother of the Duke of St. Albans, formerly

played the part now given to Jenny. I confess, further, that I was astonished beyond measure to see this girl, only a short while since a mere slip of a lady's-maid, with a curtsey to the ladies and a smile to the gentlemen who chucked her under the chin (as is a familiar though reprehensible custom in Northumberland), and humble to all, should be transformed into a Princess moving with majesty and heroic courage among the most frightful scenes of war and death. 'Twas truly wonderful!

'There were many,' said Mr. Hilyard, when we came away, 'who could not listen to the play for looking at the lovely Incognita who was in the boxes'—he meant me. 'Thus will beauty prevail even over the splendour of the stage. And when the beaux flocked out and made a lane to see you pass, you looked neither to the right nor to the left, but passed through them all as cold and as heedless as Diana.'

'Why,' I said, 'I was not thinking of them. How should I? My thoughts were with the unlucky Mahomet Boabdilen, the last King of Granada—and with Jenny—I mean——'

'Ah! Miss Dorothy, you will make poor Jenny happy only to let me tell her that she was able to turn your thoughts aside from the crowded house.'

I said that if so small a thing could make her happy, she was very welcome to her happiness.

'But it is not all,' he persisted. 'Jenny humbly desires to pay her respects to you. To the rest of the world she is the Tragedy Queen or the Comic Muse, but to you she bids me say she is, and will always be, your faithful servant.'

'Bring her to me, then,' I replied, 'in Heaven's name!'

So he left me at my lodging and went away, I suppose to sup with the actress among her friends.

But next day, about ten in the forenoon, comes, if you please, Jenny herself, not in her own coach, because, I suppose, she did not desire to show off her newly-acquired splendour, but walking, and dressed, not richly, but plainly, though of good materials, and as a wealthy gentlewoman would desire to go abroad.

She made me a deep reverence, and hoped I was in health, and that his honour my brother was as well as the unfortunate posture of his affairs admitted. In the old times she stood while she answered my questions ; but I could not think of allowing a person who could assume the splendid manners I had seen last night to stand, whatever her past history, wherefore I bade her take a chair and be welcome, and congratulated her on her success.

'I thank your ladyship,' she replied ; 'I have succeeded far beyond my hopes. For at first I thought only to act in a barn, or at a fair, like the people I ran away with ; it was grand to put on fine clothes and to speak fine verses; and it seemed delightful to be free and have no masters (yet now I have ten thousand). More than this I never thought to do. Yet you see me now at Drury Lane.'

'Well, Jenny,' I said, 'Mr. Hilyard is never tired of singing thy praises ; truly, for myself, I understand not acting ; yet I saw thee last night, and, believe me, child, I marvelled greatly at thy cleverness, thy quickness, and

thy courage. Enough said about Drury Lane; tell me now, Jenny, about Mr. Frank Radcliffe.'

She blushed a little—but one cannot expect many blushes of an actress!

'It is true,' she said, 'that I have always had power over Frank Radcliffe, and that of a kind which, except to those of my own people, must appear strange. Nay, I humbly confess that I deceived your ladyship at Dilston Hall when you surprised me exercising that power, because I was ashamed and afraid. Since then, however, I practise upon him in this way no more. It needs not—Frank is in love with me, and will marry me, when he gets better of his cough.'

'But Jenny, child, Mr. Frank Radcliffe is a gentleman.'

'It is true, madam, and I am only an actress. But he will marry me as soon as he gets better.'

'And then he is a Papist; and you are——'

'I am a gipsy, madam. But he will marry me as soon as he gets better. At present he is troubled with a hacking cough that gives

him no rest night or day. But this will pass when the warm weather comes. And so, your ladyship, if you please there need be no more said on this head. For Frank will marry me, Papist or Protestant, lady or gipsy, daughter of an earl or plain actress.'

She looked so resolute and spoke with such decision, that I now perceived quite clearly my old Jenny was gone, and this girl before me was quite another kind of person. But that I had already suspected.

'Wherefore, my lady,' she went on confidently, though in the old humble manner of speech, 'my respects paid and these things explained, I desire to lay before you, for your counsel, a project or design of mine own, whereby, if all goes well, we may effect my lord's escape.'

'Oh, Jenny! know you what your words mean?'

'Quite well, madam. I am happy to see that your ladyship hath still something of the same interest in my lord as of old.'

'Jenny,' I said, 'I know not if you are in earnest; but of this be assured. My interest in Lord Derwentwater's welfare is as great as

ever; nor could it possibly be greater. If you have any rational project for his deliverance, in Heaven's name let me hear it! If it be a secret, be sure that I would rather die a hundred deaths than reveal the thing. Tell me, Jenny, what it is.'

Then, with many entreaties for secrecy, because the pit of Drury Lane was all for the Protestant Succession, and she would be hissed off the stage if the thing were known or even suspected to have come from her, she revealed her design.

First, she assured me, and I readily believed her, that Frank Radcliffe would do anything she told him to do, being madly in love with her; next, that the thing she wanted him to do was perfectly easy, without much danger, and such a thing as would make the ears of those that heard it to tingle; thirdly, that Frank had never ceased to lament his lot as an English gentleman who yet, for his religion's sake, was not allowed to take any part in the affairs of the nation, and condemned to a private and inglorious life; and then, after this preamble, she opened her design to me. It was, in fact, nothing less than this.

Frank Radcliffe, as everybody knows, was so much like his brother, save that he was somewhat taller of stature and thinner, that in the dusk, and among those who knew his brother imperfectly, he might very well pass for him. Jenny, therefore, proposed that, disguised by herself with a little painting of eyebrows and face, and some artful touches about nose and mouth, Frank should go with her, under some other name, to see his brother in the Tower. There was at this time little difficulty about the admission of visitors; everybody was passed in who pleased; they might even go into the Bell Tower among the common people admitted by the wardens, and so by a small bribe, or by entreaty, or by pretence of some kind or other, obtain admission.

'Now hearken. Once in my lord's chamber,' said Jenny, 'I whip out my hare's foot and my sponge; I quickly rub out the make-up of Frank and transfer it to my lord, giving him dark eyebrows, lips turned down, eyes longer than natural, and a mouth a little turned to one side (which disguises most wonderfully). I shorten his chin by a line of chalk; I give

his nose the least touch of red ; and I paint his cheek with a touch or two of colour which now it lacks. This done, they exchange perruques and coats. Frank takes my lord's long wig and scarlet coat, and he Frank's brown drugget and plain curled wig of black horsehair. Then we go away crying—I can cry so as to move all hearts ; but I am not certain yet what I will be, whether his nurse or his aunt, Lady Mary or even his mother. My lord will come after me, wagging his head as they do on the stage—so—to show sympathy and sorrow, and Frank will be left behind. Then for a moment he will show his noble face at the door just to disarm suspicion, and so back again quickly, and sit down quiet till time hath passed sufficient for us to get out of the Tower and away—whither, we must settle when we have effected our escape.'

This was truly a notable project. Did Frank know of it ?

'That,' said Jenny, 'is the trouble for us. At present he knows nothing, but is low in his spirits, thinking of his brother a prisoner, and himself little better, since his cough is so bad. I fear as yet to tell him, lest it make

him feverish and anxious to be up and about, whereas he ought at present to be resting and getting well.'

So for the present we said no more upon that head, except that Frank was not to be told until his cough was better.

'As for that,' said Jenny, 'the physicians do no good with him, and an hour of my art is worth fifty of theirs. If I were with him always I could cure him of his cough, or of anything. Alas! Miss Dorothy, you know not what this power of mine can do for him.'

'Jenny,' I asked earnestly, 'is it by possession of the devil? Tell me, for the sake of thine eternal soul.'

She laughed at this.

'I have never seen the devil,' she said; 'and I know nought of him. Truly, my grandmother might tell you more; but she teaches, the poor old woman, only what her mother taught her. As for the devil, we gipsies know nothing of any devil. Yet I think that if our art were known, all the world would flock to us to be healed, instead of to physicians. If I were to tell your lady-

ship what things I have seen and what pains allayed—all in a moment—but you would never believe me——'

'Yet—oh, Jenny!—can it be right to use a magic power?'

'Magic—magic?' she repeated; 'what is magic? My people have secrets, and I know something of them. Why'—she sprang to her feet and flung out her arms—'I am a gipsy, and I have been your ladyship's servant; and I am an actress, and hundreds of fine gentlemen love me—in the way of fine gentlemen; and one man loves me so well that he would take me away and make me his wife, being such as I am. What can I do for that gentleman? Oh, Miss Dorothy! if my art were indeed as you think it, of the devil, I would still practise it daily, if thus I could restore my Frank to health.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN THE TOWN.

By this time all the friends of the prisoners had hurried up to town. Lady Derwentwater, poor creature, with her two children, was staying with the Duchess of Cleveland; the Dowager Countess, with her third husband, Mr. Rooke, was come to save her son, if that was possible: already the Court, and everybody about the Court, the Ministers, and all who were thought to have any influence with them, were besieged with petitions and entreaties for pardon. What bribes were offered and taken, I know not; but a good many who were no worse than those executed got free pardons. Lady Cowper told me afterwards that her husband was offered £60,000 to procure the pardon of Lord Derwentwater. They tried to bribe the wrong man; the

hands of those far lower in rank should have been touched with gold. But you shall see. It made my heart bleed, sad as I was on my own account, to hear Lady Cowper's tales of the poor women who came to her daily, because she was of the North Country, to beg her influence, and fell at her feet and wept. She was so tender and compassionate a woman, that I am sure she used her influence as she could, and perhaps got off many more besides her cousins, Mr. Clavering and his son.

The Countess placed her whole hope in her husband's powerful friends and connections. The Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans, his cousins, were on the other side; would they allow their kinsman's head to fall without an effort? Alas! her hope proved a broken reed; these noble lords begged for a pardon, but they begged in vain, and I doubt whether they begged in the only way which was able to touch the King's heart, namely, by threats. Lord Derwentwater was their kinsman, true; but unfortunately he was not their friend. Among the Peers he had no friends. Why, Lord Nairn got off because he had an old schoolfellow among the Ministers; but

there was no one who had known Lord Derwentwater as a boy. Truly, to be a Roman Catholic in this realm of England is to be placed at a great disadvantage. One would not, surely, wish it otherwise ; but for my lord's sake it must needs be lamented. There were seven lords in the Tower; in the end five got off. Why did they execute the other two? Were they more criminal than the rest? Alas! no; but they were more friendless, and one of them was near by blood to the Prince.

I sought the Countess as soon as I learned where she was. She seemed, at first, full of hope—even of confidence. The King would not dare to displeasure so many great lords who would implore his pardon for her husband; his own seat was not so secure as to warrant the throwing away of powerful friends; his cause would be best served by clemency. She repeated these arguments so often, and with so many interjections, pauses, catching of her babes to her breast, that I could very well perceive the secret terror in her heart. Her cheeks were wan; her eyes were hollow; she was consumed by her anxiety as by a fever. She owned to me presently that

at night she could not sleep, but passed the hours on her knees, offering herself, her children, her all to the Virgin, in return for the life—only the life—of her husband.

'Alas!' she cried, 'Heaven is not deaf; the Lord is very merciful. I have by letters asked the Augustine Sisters in Paris to pray for me; day and night there is a taper burning before the Virgin in their chapel; the good Sisters pray for me without ceasing. Or when I am not praying I importune some great man or some great lady to do something for my lord. They tell me the law must have its course; there must be a trial—I care not what they say or do at the trial, if he be pardoned after it; I must expect—yes, I look—to hear that he is sentenced to execution—but that matters nothing if they mean to let him go. Why, if he be but suffered to live, I promise that not he only, but his son after him, shall sit quiet at home even if the Prince with his forces be marching through England from victory to victory.'

Then she went on, now assuring herself of his safety, and now confessing her fears, and it was dreadful sorrow and pain only to hear

her. She saw her husband almost daily, and in his presence, I am told, she controlled herself and was calm, as both the brave souls were, for fear of making each other more unhappy. Sometimes I asked myself whether she ever repented of throwing down her fan on the day of the meeting. I think she did not, because I, who was as vehement as herself, have not and never shall repent of my earnestness. For if the cause was just, and the time was ripe, why should we delay the blow? Let the blame lie on those wicked and mischievous men who persuaded us that the time was really ripe for action and the hour come, not on those who believed and were deceived to their own destruction.

In the midst of his own trouble my lord found time to think of me. One day about the New Year the Countess gave me a letter from him.

'My dear Cousin Dorothy,' it said,

'I hear that you are in London about Tom's unhappy business. It would comfort me greatly if I could see you, and I doubt not, if you can come here, they will admit you to

see me. God send us all a happy deliverance! Though for myself I dare not hope, yet as for Tom, whose only fault was his easy temper, by which designing persons led him (and us) to confusion, I hope and believe that he will escape. Comfort my dear wife, and keep up your own heart.

'Your loving Cousin and Friend,

'DERWENTWATER.'

'Go to see him, Dorothy,' said the Countess; 'if only because he hath always loved you well and taken pleasure in your conversation. Besides, he desires to send some message to your brother about I know not what.'

I rejoice now, though then it seemed a terrible thing to do, that I had courage to visit my lord in that gloomy place, the Tower, the very name of which fills the heart with terror. I have him always in my mind with that proud bearing and steadfast eye with which he encountered the insults of the mob. It is well also to think of him as he was when he sat in his prison, endeavouring to be resigned to his untimely fate, yet not without

hope ; cheerful, as becomes a Christian ; and brave, as becomes a gentleman.

I rode to the Tower through the City in a hackney-coach, having my landlady, Purdy's wife, with me for guide or protector. The day was so cold and the streets so frozen, that our coachman went but slowly, and the good woman with me had time to point out all the places along which we passed. First, St. Sepulchre's Church ; then Newgate Prison (which I already knew so well); then through the gate with the effigy of Dick Whittington and his cat upon it ; the narrow and evil-smelling Newgate Street, its bulkheads covered with meat, the gutters running blood, and greasy butchers carrying carcases upon their shoulders ; and after Newgate Street St. Paul's Cathedral (truly a great and wonderful building), and then crowded streets without number (but among them the tall Monument); and presently a wide, open space, with, on the right hand, a broad river and a forest of masts, and before me a great white castle, which is none other than the Tower of London, where so many unfortunate lords have been confined.

When our coachman drew up before a kind of wicket, I observed first that the gate was guarded by a dozen or twenty men, in scarlet jerkins, and caps of some old fashion ; these are the buffetiers. Beyond them, in a court-yard, was a troop of foot-soldiers, some on guard, some standing about in the door, some within the guard-room, sitting beside a great fire. Outside the gate there was a little crowd of men and women, some of them belonging to the better sort. As I stood and looked at them, one stepped forward and flourished his hat.

'We hope,' he said, 'that your ladyship is on the right side—that is to say, the side for which the lords within are prisoners.'

Thus bold with their opinions were the Jacobites of London. Alas! had they been as bold with their swords!

And the rest of the crowd murmured approval, and the women cried, 'God help the poor prisoners!' and the men said, 'Lord bless the lady's pretty face, whoever she is.'

'My friends,' I said, 'I am going to see my cousin, Lord Derwentwater ; and I am the sister of General Forster, now in Newgate.'

Then they all bowed, and made way for me with great respect.

When I came out, they were waiting for me ; and after I got into my coach, they walked beside me in a kind of procession as far as Tower Street, where they cheered me loudly and left me.

Two of the prisoners, namely, Lords Derwentwater and Nithsdale, were confined in what they call the Bell Tower. It is close to the entrance, and is the only part of the great gloomy building which I saw. They were placed in two chambers on the second story which lead out of a large room called the Council Chamber, the same in which Guy Fawkes was tortured and examined. When I was conducted to this room I found it filled not only with guards and wardens on duty, but also with people, chiefly women, who had been suffered to come here by these men, or paid for admission, in order to look upon those who visited the prisoners. This, because they gazed so earnestly upon me, and asked each other aloud who I might be, I thought at the time was cruel and unfeeling ; but now one blesses the happy chance, because it was

the presence of such a crowd which enabled Lady Nithsdale to get off her husband. However, they kept me waiting for a few moments, and then admitted me to his lordship.

It was a small chamber, but decently furnished. My lord, who was writing at the table, rose to welcome me with his ready smile.

'Why, Cousin Dorothy,' he said, 'it is kind to brave the mob on so cold a day as this in order to visit a poor prisoner. Oh! as to my health, that matters nothing now, and my comfort very little. As I have made my bed, so must I lie upon it. Nay, Dorothy, do not cry. If a man stakes his all upon a hopeless chance, he must look to lose. Perhaps, before I die, I may bring myself to forgive those whose lies and treacheries brought us to this pass. Were it not, indeed, for my wife and hapless babies——'

He turned his head and was silent.

'My lord,' I said, trying to bring him hope, 'you do yourself an injustice. You are not yet even tried; you have many friends—more than you know of. Great ladies and gentlemen, men of exalted rank there are, who will leave no stone unturned for you.'

'If all England were my friend, Dorothy, it would avail me nothing so long as I have one enemy—and he the King.'

And to this he returned again presently, declaring always that the King himself was resolved upon his destruction. And that he knew for certain that the King regarded the Prince and all his personal friends with peculiar hatred and malice.

'Besides,' he said, 'if any are to be sentenced, shall the leaders escape and the followers suffer? Would that be justice?'

'Since the power of this new King,' I said, 'is now proved by the failure of the Rebellion, which has established him on a firmer footing and therefore done him all the good possible, why can he not pardon all?'

'Because history is not made up of pardons, but of sentences and executions. However, in this place,' he said, 'we have, at least, time for meditation; and if I were to write a narrative of the Rebellion I should call it "The History of a Hundred Fools and Half-a-dozen Knaves." The knaves, I trust, will at least receive the same punishment as the fools. As for us, I know not which should be

considered the greatest fool of any, but I think it must be myself, unless it were Tom Forster.'

He then told me that he had strong reason to believe there would be found among the prisoners one or two to give King's evidence in order to save themselves. This was what Lady Cowper hinted.

'I trust,' he said, 'that among my own friends there is not one who would play so base a part; and I think, nay, I am sure, that there is plenty of evidence to hang most of us without such assistance. Go to Tom, however, and tell him so much from me, that he and his friends may be warned against traitors in the camp.'

He put aside this matter, and began first calmly and reasonably to consider the mistakes which had been made in their short campaign; especially their neglect in not enlisting as many as offered; in not providing ammunition and provisions; and in entering England so ill prepared. And next he told me he was already thinking of his defence, and that he was careful not to say aught that might implicate my brother any deeper in the business.

'I am told,' he added, 'that an attempt will be made to prove my cousin, Tom Forster, the author of the whole design—whereas he was but an instrument—and as the man who drew us all in. Therefore I shall maintain the clean contrary. I rose for my lawful Sovereign, first, because it was my duty when the time came; next, because I was assured, being myself ignorant of the feeling of the people, that every gentleman in the country would rise with us. Tell Tom this also, from me, cousin. And tell him, moreover, that though many blame him for the Preston surrender, I do not. The case was hopeless; more would have been killed trying to cut their way through than will now, probably, be beheaded or hanged. Yet I still wish we had run the chance. So let us think kindly of each other; if both die, let us meet in heaven as brothers; and if I only, let him remember me with sorrow and kindness.'

'And if neither, my lord?'

'Why, then——' he laughed, gently. 'But 'tis impossible, the King being such as he is. Yet if neither, then, Dorothy, I promise to

oblige Tom by sitting with him as far as t'other bottle.'

Then he was silent awhile, gazing before him as one who sees in fancy a pageant of the past.

'Dorothy,' he said, softly, 'you remember the time, five years ago, when I used to ride across the moor to Blanchland to walk and talk with the sweetest girl in Northumberland.'

'Oh! my lord, you must not say that any more; you must not even think such a thing. But as for me, can I ever forget that season?'

'Why, I am married since then, and have a wife whom I dearly love, and she hath made me the happiest of men; yet withal, by your leave, Dorothy, fair cousin, I do still remember that time, and the sweet looks and gentle smiles of her who refused me for conscience' sake. I say it in all honesty, my cousin.'

'My lord, you can say nothing but in honesty.'

'It was from your lips, cousin, that I learned what in St. Germain's I could not learn, what should be the conduct of a true

English gentleman, and what his duty to those who depend upon him. Why, I was not half an Englishman. How ignorant I was in those days no one but yourself has ever known. It was your kind heart that taught me to desire the love of the people. In France we regard them not, and care neither for their affection nor their hatred. It comforts me, now, to think that, thanks to your noble teaching, my people will grieve for me when I am dead. Well, it is over; you and I will never walk and talk together any more; yet we have been happy. And now I am tied up in the slaughter-house, waiting for the man with the knife. And Charles, poor lad! is in Newgate. And Frank—where is Frank?'

'Frank is in London, but he is grievously sick with a cough which leaves him not day or night, so that he cannot quit his chamber. And much I fear that he will never go abroad again.'

I did not tell him—because why should he be vexed?—that Frank was also held in bondage by his strange and vehement passion.

'Poor Frank!' he sighed. 'This it is to inherit the unlucky blood of the Stuarts.

The Radcliffes did very well until—poor Frank! Charles told me something of an actress—but I forget what. Tell him if you see him, Dorothy, that I can give him my prayers for the short time left me in life, but nothing more. Two of us in grievous jeopardy of the scaffold, and one like to die of a cough. 'Tis an excellent and a hopeful beginning of the New Year!'

It was growing dark, and time for me to go. So in the twilight of that too dismal New Year's Day, and in that gloomy place, we stood to say farewell, face to face. He held both my hands in his.

'Farewell, sweet cousin—dear sister, whom I have always loved. If we meet no more, farewell.'

He kissed me on the forehead and lips, and so I left him, and—alas! alas!—I looked upon his noble face no more.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. HILYARD'S FREEDOM.

A DAY or two after this Mr. Hilyard appeared no longer in the disguise of a physician, but dressed as a sober and grave citizen; that is to say, in no disguise at all, having bartered his physician's wig for a full wig such as that worn by the better sort, and his black clothes for a plum-coloured coat and waistcoat of the same.

'What is this new disguise?' I asked.

'No disguise at all,' he replied. 'I am now a free man, and need not hide my head at all. There is no warrant out for me; and if there were, I am assured of my pardon.'

I asked him how this was.

'Miss Dorothy,' he replied, smiling, 'the son of a vintner need not be too proud to take favours from a gipsy, or even an actress.'

'Is this, then, Jenny Lee's doing?'

'I will tell you in a few words. Know, then, that Jenny loves to entertain her friends, after the theatre, to supper at her own lodging, and has been so good as to invite me to make one whenever I please. Many gentlemen —wits, Templars, poets, and the like, go there, and some are men of rank. Jenny cares not who they are, so long as they amuse her and make her laugh, which is all she loves.'

I had already, as I have said, seen Jenny on the stage (at Mr. Hilyard's urgent entreaty, but from no desire of my own), and a very moving spectacle, I confess, it was. Her part was so full of noble sentiments that I began to understand Mr. Hilyard's admiration for acting. Why, if all actresses and actors are thus full of virtuous and lofty discourse there can be no question that theirs is truly a great and wonderful profession, and worthy of all honour. But now Mr. Hilyard told me that laughter was all she cared for. Yet she seemed in her part possessed of the finest and most exquisite sensibility. How, after this, can Mr. Hilyard persist that acting is an art

which hath in it something of the divine ? To care for nothing but laughing !

'Among her friends,' Mr. Hilyard went on, 'who come to sup with her after the play is a certain great Whig lord—yes, a very great and powerful lord indeed—and yet his name need not be mentioned between us, because, perhaps, he is one of those humble Christians who love not their good deeds to be made public ; or, perhaps, because all the world need not know that he goeth to sup with Jenny Lee. Well, last night, after supper, there was singing and laughing. Among the others, I performed for the amusement of the company some of those small arts of mine by which I have often, of old, beguiled the evening for his honour and his friends.'

'I know them well, Mr. Hilyard.'

'Yes—I sang and played my best. But who can call anything acting when Jenny Lee is present ? Yet they laughed and were amused ; my lord was so good as to distinguish me particularly, and presently I heard him whisper Jenny, and ask what was my name and condition. "Indeed, my lord," said she, in her pretty, roguish way, "I shall

not tell your lordship unless you promise to grant me the next favour I ask." "The least favour from your hands, fair Jenny," he replied, "even to answer so simple a question, is richly repaid by the greatest from mine." But I think he did not guess what she was about to ask him. "My lord," she said, whispering, "he is a most harmless, affectionate creature; he hath come up to London from the north; it is dangerous for him to venture abroad for the present, because he was with the rebels. Nay; but he went only because his patron went, as in duty bound, and for no Popish reasons. No one is in search of him; no one wants to arrest him; but if he be by any accident discovered and clapped in ward, then will his neck be twisted and his song spoiled. Wherefore, my lord, make this poor man safe, and give him assurance of safety, and you shall have——" "What, fair Jenny?" "My gratitude, my lord. Can you ask for more? He is my earliest friend. He first taught me how to act; he who helps Mr. Hilyard, helps me."

'Well, he hesitated; told her she was a

witch, and a baggage, and a saucy rogue, and kissed her hands. Then he lugged out his tablets, wrote down my name, and beckoned to me. "Sir," he said, "you owe to this lady your safety. I will take care that you are not molested; go where you please—go even into Newgate if you will." You may be sure I hastened to thank him with my best leg, and to assure his lordship that I was his most humble servant to command, and that for the future, after praying for his lordship, I should cry, "God save King George!"'

The first day he came away from the prison, Mr. Hilyard was pensive and melancholy.

'Truly,' he said, 'it grieves me to the soul to see these poor fellows, once so merry and gallant, now mewed up together in that gloomy place, where, ruffle and hector and swear as they may, every man feels as if the gallows was already in sight. The aspect of Mr. Edward Swinburne pleases me not, for he hangs his head and will hardly speak, but sitteth as much alone as may be. The minds of generous men are easily moved to shame for public disgrace; yet the part which this

young gentleman took in the Rebellion was not so conspicuous that his shame should enter into his soul. He is not, like Cleopatra, reserved for the chief place in the triumph ; nor like Antony, who aimed at the empire of the inhabitable world and lost it. Yet he is as one fallen into melancholy with the shame of the defeat. Some, like Mr. Stokoe, bite their nails and walk gloomily to and fro ; some, like poor Mr. Paul, caught by so cursed a mischance, weep and wring their hands ; some swear that a man can die but once, and what odds then ? Some drink to forget their anxiety ; one or two alone, like Mr. Charles Radcliffe and Colonel Oxbrough, preserve an intrepid spirit, and show a resolute countenance to whatever happens.

'Most of all,' he went on, 'I pity Mr. Patten ; who, now that he finds himself fairly in for his trial, and no one likely to hale him out of prison, is falling into a dejection which may work harm to his honour, with whom he sits too much.'

In fact, although Mr. Patten continually plied poor Tom with flatteries (more from habit than from any hope of further patronage),

and assured him (contrary to the fact) that he was covered with military glory for his conduct in the campaign, his conversation was so full of gibbets, drawing, and quartering, with so many reflections on the pain and misery of quitting the world while in the very prime and heyday of manhood and happiness, that Tom grew daily more melancholy and less disposed for resignation. Every day, also, Mr. Patten found occasion to compare the happy lot of Mr. Hilyard and his freedom with their captivity.

'Some,' he said, 'are born to this kind of fortune, that they may get over the wall with impunity, while others are hanged for no more than peeping over it. Others, again, keep in the background secret friends for their own use, and so procure enlargement—I would I knew of such! Some even go so far, I have heard, as to procure their own pardon at the price of giving evidence against their friends—a most monstrous treachery, indeed! Yet, Mr. Hilyard, I think it right to let you know that this is whispered against you in the Press Yard, and some there are who speak of braining the man who would thus——'

'Zounds, sir!' cried Mr. Hilyard; 'dare you—or any—insinuate that I go at large in order that they may suffer?'

'Not I, sir—not I, certainly. I tell them that the General could not repose his confidence in you so fully unless he had first proved your loyalty. Oh! not I, indeed, sir—believe me!'

But the mere suspicion of the thing made Mr. Hilyard so angry that he had no peace until he had conferred with Charles Radcliffe, and been assured by him that not one of the gentlemen, his old friends, believed him capable of so base an action.

I suppose it was about this time that Mr. Patten began to groan with repentance, and to accuse himself of being a great sinner.

'I fear, sir,' he told Tom, 'that my sin, which now weighs heavily upon my soul, may lead me to show my remorse and repentance in a way which some of my friends may not approve. Yet I am convinced that your honour, knowing the tenderness of my conscience, will approve what I shall do.'

'Why, Mr. Patten,' Mr. Hilyard said, answering for Tom, who only stared, so

strange was it to hear Mr. Patten talk in this way, 'as for your sins, it is not for anyone to contradict you since you assert the fact, and doubtless you are, like the rest of us, a miserable sinner; nor are we your father confessors to ask for further particulars; while as for what you are going to do, repentance for sin can never be disapproved by his honour, who is a Christian man.'

'Repentance with atonement, brother sinner,' said Mr. Patten, groaning. 'Repentance must ever be followed by atonement. Oh that you could feel like me!'

However, they presently had a bowl of punch, and made merry. Mr. Patten, in spite of his sins, drinking about with the rest.

The next day he came not to Tom's chamber, and they knew not what kept him. But on the morrow the strange news was carried abroad that Mr. Patten had received enlargement, and was now in custody of a messenger. But still they knew not, and suspected not, why.

Two or three days after this (the impeachment of the lords taking place in the meantime) Mr. Hilyard came to me in such a

wrath and passion of rage as I had never witnessed in him before.

'Oh!' he cried, flinging his arms about, and jumping round the room; 'oh! was there ever since history began so great, so unexampled a villain? Did the world ever know so deep a hypocrite? Is there anywhere a record of so canting, sneaking a creature?'

'What is it?' I asked. 'Who is the villain?'

For a while I could not get him to tell me anything, so angry he was, and so much occupied in searching for hard words to throw at this new enemy.

'What has he done?' he said at last. 'He has turned King's evidence. To save his own fat neck, which might have been tightened, and no one a penny the worse, he has turned King's evidence. For his own worthless carcase he will put all these brave fellows' heads into the noose——'

'But who is it—who?'

'Who should it be but Creeping Bob—the Reverend Robert Patten, Artium Magister! He it is; and Quartermaster Calderwood with

him. Mr. Stokoe also pretended that he was ready to give evidence too, and got enlargement under custody ; but it was a flam, and he hath escaped. Now, indeed, there is consternation in the prison, and every man among them feels already a catching of the breath, as if he were troubled with a tightness of the neck. This was the meaning of the sin which lay upon the hypocrite's soul, and demanded repentance and atonement. I make no doubt but he will hasten to inform against me. Ah! double villain! But I dread him not. And to say that he hoped to preserve the good opinion of his honour, against whom he will give evidence! Would that he would venture, but for five minutes only, his ugly face in the Press Yard! No ox ever was carried from the shambles more done to death than he would be. As for his honour, I have never known him more cast down and sunk in his spirits since first he was locked up.'

Thus, then, was explained the warning of Lady Cowper, though I have never known how long the preliminaries had been entered upon by this reverend hypocrite.

'Why, while he talked with us and drank

his honour's punch,' Mr. Hilyard went on, 'he was already determined to betray us, and revolving in his mind how best to do it. Repentance! Remorse! Atonement! These are sacred words; but I shall never again be able to use them, for fear of awakening the spirit of revenge against Mr. Patten; and so while in lamenting one sin (and that, perhaps, a venial one) I may be committing another, and that a deadly sin. Never before did I so long, yea, so ardently desire to compass the death of any man, though, I own with surprise, my soul took fierce delight in letting fly among General Willes's Dragoons. But that was in battle, where one may lawfully kill and slay; while this would be stark murder. And who so eager for the rising? Who so active to enlist recruits? Who so keen to preach the plain duty of loyal men, and the manifold justice of Divine Right? Who so clear to see the finger of the Lord pointing out the way? Who so strong for the return of the Prince? If there was a man among us all who should take the consequences, it is—Creeping Bob; if anyone who should go to his death with resigna-

tion, it is—Creeping Bob. Oh, villain! villain!'

This was after the impeachment of the lords, in which my brother was named as a confederate, and it made us very desirous to push on our plans, seeing that now there was no hope of insufficient evidence, and every man was doomed, unless the King should pardon him. I heard from Lady Cowper that the trial of the confederates would be taken immediately after the case of the lords was disposed of, which would be, she thought, in a few weeks. Her husband was Lord High Steward of the Commission. Mr. Hilyard's plan was this: he would bribe Mr. Pitts, the Governor, with a large sum for allowing a door to remain open. Then he would have to bribe certain warders and turnkeys to keep out of the way; next to choose a favourable time; and, lastly, to devise a means of crossing the water. He had already, it seems, sounded Mr. Pitts cautiously on the subject, and, judging from the virtuous abhorrence which the Governor expressed as regards those who betray their trust for money, and the indignation with which he put the thing from him, yet returned

to its discussion, Mr. Hilyard thought there would be no difficulty with him other than the arrangement of the price. To be sure, the Governor was reaping a golden harvest at this time, and was not disposed to be moderate in his demands. I thought my own plan better, and likely to be cheaper and as effective ; therefore I resolved on first trying my friendly warder.

With this view I enjoined Mr. Hilyard not to pursue the business farther, for the moment, with Mr. Pitts, but to apply himself to finding some safe and trustworthy means of getting a man to France. I never knew, nor did I even ask, by what secret means Mr. Hilyard had information, as well in London as in the country ; but presently he told me that he knew of such a captain as we wanted. (He was not our Wapping friend.) He was one who had run many across, and though he asked a large sum for his work, he was reported honest and trustworthy. Mr. Hilyard bargained with him that he should be in readiness against the time we should want him. But this, owing to various hindrances, and especially the jealous and hostile temper

of London, was deferred until the trial of the lords should be finished, the dreadful thirst for blood somewhat appeased, and the pulpits and journals be preaching counsels of moderation. In other words, we might have got Tom away within a month of his arrival at Newgate ; but, when every strange rider along the road was being arrested on suspicion, and every harmless passenger in the street liable to be haled before the nearest justice, we judged it better to wait.

I knew now that during this time the friends of all the prisoners were not only moving in every direction for interest in high places with which to get a pardon, but were also already devising means and ways, and secretly trying gaolers, guards, and wardens, to see if they were open to corruption, and preparing money for the time when an escape might be conveniently attempted. For the present that time was not yet come. In the end, beside Lord Nithsdale, whose wife got him out, and Lord Wintoun, who sawed his way out, and Tom, whom I got out, by the help of Heaven, there were a great many who escaped, as well as those who were reprieved

or pardoned, and those who were tried and acquitted. Thus Charles Radcliffe escaped in a very bold and daring manner; Captain Charles Wogan, one of the Irish messengers, but a brave fellow, made a safe escape; the Brigadier MacIntosh, Mr. Hunter of Callalee, and Mr. Budden, the London upholsterer, escaped, with a good many others. 'Twas said that the Government rejoiced at hearing of their breaking gaol, because it saved them from the odium of many executions, and the seeming cruelty of many pardons. In the end, although many were executed in Lancashire, there were only four who suffered in London, besides the two unhappy lords—namely, the unfortunate Mr. John Hall of Otterbourne, the Reverend William Paul, Colonel Oxbrough, and Captain Gascoigne. As regards the two last, I have no pity for them, because it was on their statements that our people took up arms, and firmly believing that if they led, thousands would follow. If any suffered, they should suffer; if the blood of the poor fellows who lost their lives at Preston and Sheriffmuir was on the head of any, it was on theirs. Yet why should Mr.

Hall (except that he was ever unlucky after the murder of my uncle Ferdinando) be hanged, and Mr. Clavering, of Callalee, go free? Why should poor Mr. Paul, who took no part in the fighting, be executed, and others receive a pardon? I blame not the King for pardoning any, but I blame them because they pardoned some, and executed others who were no more guilty.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JENNY'S SCHEME.

This project of Jenny's contrivance was so simple, and seemed so easy, that it completely took possession of my mind, and for a time I could think scarce of anything else. For to liberate my lord would be so great and wonderful a thing. Why, these people who act can assume, and make others assume, any appearance they please; had I not seen Mr. Hilyard under a dozen disguises? It would be nothing for Jenny to make up first Frank, and then the Earl, into another person altogether.

'Nay,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'but you forget that when I have deceived you, it is first through your imagination the cheat is wrought, so that I made you think of a physician first, before I assumed the bearing and guise of

one; and of the blacksmith, John Purdy, before I became that man. And so with the stage. Before Jenny steps across the boards —majesty in her face, sovereignty in her eyes, authority in her carriage—you have been prepared to expect a Queen; and, lo! she stands before you. But without this preparation and talk disguise is not so easy, and Jenny's scheme will want, methinks, the help of twilight. Then, indeed, it might be safely tried, Mr. Frank's resemblance to his brother being so great that he might, by candle-light even, pass very well for the Earl. But he gets daily worse instead of better.'

We began then to consider the strange nature of Jenny's power over him, so that what she should command, that he would straightway do; and, whereas at Dilston it was in a trance that he did these things, now it was with all his wits awake, and of his own free will—a mere slave to the will of a woman.

'In this respect,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'he only follows many illustrious examples of antiquity—Solomon among others.'

'Did she give him a love-potion? or did she by some other magic and witch-like art steal his affections?'

'Nay, Miss Dorothy,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'you understand not the strength of love nor the power of Jenny's beauty.' She had bright black eyes, red lips, and a rosy cheek, with black curls and a tall, good figure; and, in a word, the girl was well enough, and might have pleased some honest fellow of her own rank and birth. 'She is,' continued Mr. Hilyard, 'a most beautiful and bewitching creature; witty and roguish. You must not suppose because a gentlewoman seldom or never loves a man below her own degree (yet Venus, the great goddess, loved Adonis, the shepherd boy), that therefore a gentleman cannot love a woman of inferior birth. Why, Boaz, a great prince, as one may suppose, loved Ruth, who seemed to him a simple leasing-maid, and King Cophetua loved a beggar-maid. There are other examples too many to enumerate. As for Jenny's witcheries, I believe not in them any more than consists in her bright eyes and smiles.'

'But, oh! Mr. Hilyard,' I exclaimed, 're-

member what she did at Dilston and what I saw, although she deceived me, lying without shame.'

'Truly,' he said, 'I forget not. It is strange to think upon. There was once, as is related, a learned scholar of Oxford who fell into a kind of melancholy, and conceived a disgust at the company of his fellows. Wherefore he presently left his college and his companions, and, going away into the fields, fell in with a band of gipsies, and continued with them all his life, asking for nothing more than they could give him—namely, to dwell in the open air, to sleep in tents, to endure the extremes of weather, to live hard, and to have no discourse on books, religion, philosophy, or any of the subjects with which he had formerly been conversant. But to one seeking him in this strange retirement, he said that the gipsy race was possessed of many and marvellous secrets, some of which had been imparted to himself, and that, without any agreement or covenant with the devil, they could so cheat the eyes and brains of men and women as to make them do what they wished, see things invisible, hear voices

afar off, and believe what they were told to believe. So Frank Radcliffe, being asleep, seemed awake, and knew not afterwards what he had said or done. Yet no devilry.'

Who can understand these things?

'Why,' I asked, 'seeing that you are so great a scholar, cannot you cure Frank of this madness?'

He shook his head.

'Because when all the medicines for the cure of love have been applied, there still remains the lover. Why, to love as Frank is in love is to be strong, to be a man, on whom the *remedium amoris* is but a sham. Any weak man may think himself in love with a girl of his own degree; but this kind of love, as when one hath loved a mermaid, or sea-dragon, and another a fairy, and another a black woman, is not to be cured, and means great strength of will and passion unconquerable. From ordinary passions a strong man like myself keeps himself free; especially when, Miss Dorothy,' he looked at me with a soft suffusion of his eyes, 'when a man is prevented from loving other women, because he is always in presence of one so godlike, that the rapt

senses cannot endure to think upon a creature of lower nature.'

'But,' I said, leaving the subject of love's madness, 'Jenny's project is so easy, that it seems ridiculous to hope that it hath not been guarded against.'

'The greatest things,' he said, 'are sometimes effected in the easiest manner. The mathematician of Syracuse fired a fleet with burning-glasses. But he did not invent the burning-glass. And I remember the egg of Columbus.'

I went to see Frank. He had a lodging near Jenny in Red Lion Street just now; the weather being so hard, he stirred not abroad at all, but sat beside the fire all day, suffering grievously from his cough.

'Cousin Dorothy,' he said, pleased indeed to see me (but his cheeks were thin and hollow and his shoulders rounded, so that it was sad to look upon him), 'I heard that you were in town; I would to Heaven it were on a more pleasant errand! I cannot get abroad to see anyone, not even my brothers in the Tower and in Newgate, poor lads! nor my sister-in-law, the Countess, who hath too much to

think of, so that she cannot be expected to come here. Off hood and cloak, cousin, and draw a chair near the fire, and talk to me, because I may not talk much.'

Another fit of coughing seized him and shook him to and fro, so that at the end he lay back among his pillows exhausted.

I told him what news I had to tell, and gave him such comfort as I had to give, which was not much; yet I could tell him that I had seen my lord, and how he looked, and how he had hopes from his noble friends and cousins.

'As for me,' he said, 'what use am I in the world to anybody? And at such a juncture to be thus laid by the heels and unable to stir! Ah, Dorothy! it is weary work lying here whither no one comes, save Mr. Hilyard, who is very good, and keeps up my heart; and every day, never failing, the best, the kindest, the most beautiful of her sex——'

'You mean Jenny Lee,' I said.

'Whom should I mean but that incomparable creature? Dorothy, I should be the happiest of men, because the divine Jenny hath promised to marry me as soon as I am recovered of this plaguy cough. I know not

yet where we shall live; she will leave the stage, which is the scene of her triumphs, but yet no fit place for a gentleman's wife; we will go somewhere into the country, it matters not where, so that we have a garden, and are retired from mankind, and especially from those who ride up and down exhorting us to be ready for the Prince. As for religion, I am what I am; but my children shall be of the religion of their country, with which Jenny, who hath been religiously brought up, is well content.'

As for Jenny's religion, I doubt much if she had kept any; but, to be sure, her mother had her taught the Catechism and Ten Commandments with the Lord's Prayer.

He was going to add more, but he stopped as if arrested in the current of his thoughts, and held up his finger, crying:

'She is coming. Hush! I hear her footstep.'

I listened, but could hear nothing except the cries of those who bawled their wares in the street below, and from Holborn the roll of carts and waggons. How could he hear her step, when it was five minutes, at least, before

she came (and then in her glass-coach) and knocked at the door of the house ?

It was about three o'clock of the afternoon, and she was finely dressed, because she would presently go on her way to the theatre, and beneath her furred cloak she wore hoops and a crimson satin petticoat, with a white silk frock and long train, very rich and magnificent, and a great quantity of lace, her head very finely dressed, and patches artfully bestowed. She saluted me with great politeness, and Frank (whom she kissed) with peculiar tenderness, asking what kind of night he had passed, and if he was not better.

'Much better,' said the poor lad, 'and very much stronger;' but another cough began. Thereupon Jenny took both his hands, made him look her in the face, then laid down his hands, and passed hers before his eyes, and then—oh, strange!—he lay back upon his pillows asleep, breathing lightly like a child.

'Your ladyship perceives,' she said, 'that there is no physician like Jenny, and no medicine like the practice of the gipsies.'

'Oh, Jenny,' I whispered, looking curiously at the sleeping man, 'it is wickedness; it can-

not be anything short of sorcery. Women have been burned for less.'

'Oh yes, I know. Poor creatures who could not even read the lines of the hand. They were burned for much less. Wherefore, we of the Romany tribe hide these gifts, and practise them only among ourselves; but not all have the power. And by this means we allay the pains of toothache and rheumatism to which we are liable; and we find out what goes on far away; and yet I know not of any devil in it at all. See now, Miss Dorothy'—she caught my hand—'he is not asleep; he is quiet, with eyes closed, because I have ordered it. He will now answer any question you ask him. Shall he tell us what my lord is doing in the Tower?'

'No—yes! Jenny, it is wicked.'

'Tell me, Frank, what your brother is doing in the Tower?'

Frank replied, without opening his eyes:

'He is sitting alone by the fireside; a book is before him, but he reads it not; he is thinking of Dilston and his children. Now a tear falls from his eye; now——'

'Jenny, for the love of God, stop him! I

dare not—it is impious—to pry into my lord's secret and sacred thoughts.'

She looked at me curiously.

'I can tell you,' she said, 'if he loves you still.'

'I will hear no more. Oh, Jenny, Jenny! these are, truly, arts of the devil.'

She shook her head and laughed.

'Fear not, Miss Dorothy; I will ask him no more questions. Let Frank rest in peace for half-an-hour, then he will be easier. If I could spend the whole day and night here, nursing him, he should soon recover. For, see you, it is the strength and violence of his cough that pulls him to pieces. If I were here I would stop each attack at the very beginning, and so he would soon get strength.'

Then I asked her about her project for the Earl's release. She said she thought of it, because it would please Frank, when he got better, to attempt it; because it was a thing easy of accomplishment; and because it would please myself. As for his lordship, she shrugged her shoulders, and said that when her own people went stealing poultry, poisoning pigs, lifting linen from the hedge, and

other things forbidden by the law, they were hanged, flogged, pilloried, branded in the cheek, or transported to the Plantations, without anyone trying to save them or crying over them. The punishment, she said, was part of the life. Those who did such things tried to escape detection; but, if they were caught, they knew what to expect. Wherefore, in the same way, those who rebelled against the King should take the consequences without all this crying over it; but she hoped his honour (meaning my brother Tom) would get safely out of Newgate; and since Frank, who was her sweetheart, and I, who was her old mistress, ardently desired it, she hoped that Lord Derwentwater would get off scot-free.

Then I asked her when she would open the business to Frank.

'Why,' she replied, laying her hand tenderly on his thin cheek, 'your ladyship must first please to understand that Frank is my own man. I suffer no one to come between my man and me.' She turned and glared upon me like a tigress. 'It is I who must first speak with him about it, and must choose the time and everything.'

'Surely, Jenny, it is your plan. No one will interfere with you.'

'They wanted to tear him from me, and drag him off to the wars. Charles Radcliffe came to me and said hard words, but heard harder. Was I going to suffer him to go on such a fool's errand? Nay, I warrant you. So Master Charles went off without him, and hath brought his pigs to a pretty market. Trust me, Miss Dorothy.' Her voice became soft, and so did her eyes. 'Trust me; as soon as my poor boy is better, he shall do this thing. I will leave him behind, and carry the Earl away with me. There will be no fear for him; though at first they will talk of high treason, and the rest. At present a great deal of foolishness is talked, and we at the theatre get hissed and applauded every night for some line or other which has a meaning. But they will let Frank go free.

'Meanwhile, your ladyship,' she said, 'it is now four o'clock, and soon I must drive away to the theatre. Will you leave us? I must restore him first, and make him comfortable for the night, and see to his broth and medicine. Will you kindly come again to see

him, and pardon the daily presence of his sweetheart—your old servant ?'

I wished her good-night and came away, but she shamed me with her courtly courtesy and the sweep of her hoops and train.

'On the stage,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'all is exaggerated, from the setting of a chair to the dropping of a curtsey. Therefore, poor Jenny, who hath acquired her manners on the boards, saluted you as if you were the Queen and she the unfortunate heroine.'

'And what of poor Frank, Mr. Hilyard ?'

'Truly,' he replied, and my heart sank, thinking of my lord and of Jenny's project, 'I fear his days will be few and full of suffering, and his life here on earth like that in the kingdom of heaven in one respect—namely, that there will be in it neither marrying nor giving in marriage.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LORDS' TRIAL.

Meantime, Justice was pursuing her way in the slow but certain method of English law, which must be far more terrible to the wrong-doer than the swift and sudden revenges of foreign States. As for the gentlemen and the baser sort, though in the north many were already under sentence of death, those in London were as yet left in prison, waiting their turn in affected carelessness, in sullen gloom, in remorse, or indifference, according to their mood. Tom, for his part, changed in his temper from day to day; yet, since the Judas-like falling off of the villain Patten, he began to droop, and to lose even the cheerfulness which can be procured from a bottle of wine. As regards the lords in the Tower, their case was brought before the House of

Commons by Mr. Lechmere, and their impeachment was sent to the bar of the House of Lords. On the 9th of January they were all brought by water to the Upper House, where the articles of impeachment were read to them. Time being granted them to prepare their pleas, they were carried back to the Tower.

It was, perhaps, some consolation to the unfortunate prisoners that along the whole of the way in returning they were escorted by a Jacobite mob, who cheered them continually. Yet, methinks, no cheering of a mob could reconcile me to the loss of my head, coupled with the feeling that it had been foolishly thrown away. The lords were allowed to stop on their return at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, where for the last time they took dinner and a bottle of wine together. You would have thought, said one who saw it, that, outside, all the Jacobites in England were gathered together ; or, at least, that all London was Jacobite, so great was the crowd. And when the prisoners came forth, guarded by twelve warders, there was such an uproar with pushing and struggling to touch the

hands—yea, and even the skirts of their coats —as never before was seen. Had this mob been as valiant for fighting as they were for shouting, there would have been no need for the shouting at all. But it is easier to shout than to fight. Of all the London friends of the Prince, there was but one who ventured his skin for the cause. This was good Mr. Budden, an upholsterer by trade. He, at the first news of the rising, hastened north to join the English force. One—one only, out of all that multitude! Which proves that nothing is more contemptible than the opinion of the mob, which is all for this side to-day, and that to-morrow, and with no reason or fixed principle, or power to do anything for either side but mischief, with burning of bonfires, waylaying of honest men, and pillaging of houses. Strange it is to think that there have been States in which the baser sort were considered as much as their betters, and possessed equal rights! No doubt this fact proved the ruin of those States. When the lords had passed through their crowds of friends, and emptied their snuff-boxes among them a dozen times at least, they got back to

their coaches, and so passed slowly along the streets to their prison.

They were carried on the 17th day of the month to the House of Lords to make their answers. As for that of Lord Derwentwater, he declared, first of all, that he was wholly unconcerned with any plot or conspiracy whatever, and that he joined in the rising of his friends and cousins hastily and without deliberate design. This was not believed by any, as Lady Cowper hath told me; yet was it most certainly true, as I will always maintain. Plot there was, and a deep-laid, widespread plot covering the whole of the three kingdoms; yet was not my lord in it, as Tom always affirmed.

'Yet,' says Mr. Hilyard, 'the plea was insufficient. It would have answered his purpose better if he had set forth carefully, and insisted upon them, the points which made so strongly in his favour, that had the Lords duly considered them they could not choose but recommend him for clemency. *Videlicet:* first, that he was by birth a close relation to the Prince, of the same faith, and by education his personal friend and companion; therefore,

it was natural that he should desire his return. Next, that he was brought up abroad, and could not know the temper of the English people, so that he fell an easy prey to designing persons, and readily believed the statements of those who reported the nation as longing for the return of the Prince—yea, and that so vehemently that they would rush with one consent to arms were an example once set—for this, and nothing short of this, was represented to us by Captain Gascoigne and his friends. Next,' continued Mr. Hilyard, 'would I have counselled him to prove this plea by the fact that he drew with him, who might have enlisted a thousand men, no more than a few servants, and that, when further resistance would have led to bloodshed, he consented to a surrender. And, lastly, he should have concluded with a moving appeal for clemency in the name of youth, inexperience, ignorance, and his tender family. Had I written this appeal for him,' said the honest man, wiping the tears which flowed down his face, 'I would have engaged upon his side every heart of sensibility in the country, whereas now they are all asking each

other in wonder what means this naked plea of unpremeditation. Alas! why—why—did no one ask my advice from the beginning?'

Mr. Hilyard was certainly one of those men who believe that without their own interference nothing is done well. London breeds such men in hundreds; they swarm, I am told, in every coffee-house; nay, in every mug-house they are found. They know the mistakes made by statesmen and by commanders; they are able to show, after the thing is over, what ought to have been done. But, as regards himself, I am certain that had he been consulted, there would have been, first, no rising at all; the Earl and my brother Tom would have surrendered to the warrants; if any campaign, then one differently conducted; if any surrender, then on better terms; if any trial, then with more successful issue. And from the many discourses I have held with this one scholar, I am sure that were our statesmen also scholars and persons versed in ancient history, the kingdoms of the world would be singularly preserved from external wars, civil tumults, and internal dissensions.

A few days later, the Commons demanded that judgment should be pronounced upon the rebel lords. It must be observed that there was no trial at all: they were impeached, examined, suffered to plead, and sentenced. After three weeks the Court of High Commission ordered that the prisoners should be brought before them. Lord Cowper was made Lord High Steward—that is, President of the Court.

'Alas! Dorothy,' said her ladyship. 'To think that they could find no one but my husband to sentence these unhappy lords, and two of them my own cousins! And the servants must all have new liveries!'

Though the gallant show was prepared only to sentence seven brave men to death, all London (except the poor women who wept for them) turned out to see it, including the 'Jacks' who had flung up their hats for the prisoners at the door of the Fountain. There was a great coach-procession to Westminster Hall, with gentlemen riding on horseback between the carriages, that of my Lord High Steward with six horses; and all the way so great a cheering for King George and the

Protestant Succession, and such banging and beating of warming-pans, you would have thought the town gone mad. (All this was reported to me, because it is not to be supposed that such as I would join the ladies who sat in the windows and waved their handkerchiefs to the judges on this awful occasion.)

There was no noise or shouting, my informant told me, in Westminster Hall, the upper part of which was set with seats for the Peers, and the lower part left free to spectators, who crowded the great hall. Among the Peers sat the Prince of Wales; but he came not to judge so much as to look on, and showed in his face a singular concern as one after the other of the prisoners was brought forth.

'As for us at the other end,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'I think there was not one who exulted, but all regarded with sorrow and compassion the destruction of so many great and noble houses. When all were in their places, the Earl of Derwentwater was summoned first. Truly it must be an awful moment to stand before the assembled Peers of the realm, and to read in their eyes nothing

but condemnation; or, if pity, then condemnation as well. When my lord advanced to the bar, all rose and bowed low, as if to show that pity as well as the respect due to his rank: but he, for his part, fell upon his knees, where he remained until he was invited by the Lord High Steward to rise. Behind him walked the gentleman jailer, carrying an axe upon his shoulder, the edge thereof turned from the prisoner.

'I declare and shall ever maintain,' Mr. Hilyard continued, 'that his lordship hath been struck with judicial blindness. For, when he was asked what reasons he could allege, if any, to stay his punishment, and another opportunity was offered to move the hearts of his judges, he lost it or threw it away. Had I been in his place, I might and should have lacked the dignity which naturally belongs to one of his high rank. Yet I think I should have found the eloquence and the wit to make a better plea for my life. The Lords would like—nay, I saw their compassion in their eyes—they would like nothing better than to save him; yet he will not help them. Why, oh! why did he not

remind the House that he had been brought up, in the very Court of St. Germain's, to believe that England was longing for the Prince to return? Why did he not show them that he could not know the temper of the country, and must needs believe what he was told?

'Alas! he is no orator; he repeated only what he had said before, that he had no guilty knowledge of any plot—further than this, that the friends of the Prince would gladly bring him back; that his joining the insurgents was unpremeditated; and that, in order to secure submission, he became a hostage. All that had been said before, and it availed nothing. I saw the faces of the Lords look at each other and grow hard. Why, what could they do when the prisoner did so little? So they put him back and called the other six, of whom Lord Wintoun alone obtained respite for further preparation of his defence.'

Mr. Hilyard then gave me, as well as he could recollect it, Lord Cowper's speech on pronouncing the judgment of the Lords. This speech has been admired as a masterpiece of judicial oratory. I know not how that

may be; it was pleasing, no doubt, for the Whigs to hear of the wickedness of rebellion; we are never tired of hearing those sins denounced which we never practise; but for the lords awaiting their sentence, methinks the discourse might have been more merciful if it had been shorter.

'As for their reception of the sentence,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'no hero of antiquity could bear his condemnation pronounced with greater coolness and courage than was shown by all. Methought as Lord Derwentwater followed the jailer from the bar—this time the edge of the axe turned towards him—so marched the constant Regulus to his doom; with such a face, set with the courage which is neither insensibility nor braggadocio, did the great Socrates go to drink his poison. My heart burned within me to kneel and kiss his hand.'

'When,' I asked, 'must they suffer?'

'I know not; they talk of a fortnight. It is thought that by this great example the Government will show their strength. If they were not strong, it is said, they would not dare to strike so determined a blow. As

for the rest, the plain gentlemen, it is thought, even by the most revengeful, that they will be suffered to escape with their lives at least. But, Miss Dorothy, let us not trust to chance. Remember: the next trial, after Lord Wintoun's case is concluded, must be his honour's. Suffer me go talk with Mr. Pitts.'

'Not yet, Mr. Hilyard. Give me yet a week or two.'

'The clemency of a king,' Mr. Hilyard went on presently, 'is truly a great and generous thing when it is properly displayed. Towards criminals it should never be extended; but to rebels, as much as may be. For it is better to forgive and to release, thereby showing the strength which has no fear, than to strike hard and show the strength which can revenge. Methinks in this case the King might be fitly counselled to let all go pardoned, yet punished by their defeat and ignominy, and by the loss of rank and estates, provided they promise to sit down in peace for the rest of their lives. Yet, if I were to say these things in a coffee-house, I should be kicked out of one and cudgelled in another, because the mob

must have revenge. The Prince's friends themselves would rather see these men hanged with dignity than dismissed with contempt.'

Much more he added on the subject of that kind of mercy which brings the culprit into contempt, arguing that great punishments do not deter others, and that those noblemen who have seen the pomp attending an execution on Tower Hill, are not likely to be deterred from rebellion by its recollection. Nay, rather the contrary ; for as in war everyone risks his life, if one must lose it, surely it is splendid to be the hero of so great a show. 'Thus in the lower classes,' he said, 'who are mostly insensible to pain, the procession of the cart, with the shouts of the people, all eyes turned toward the sufferer, the cries to the driver to whip up his horse, and to him who wields the cat to let it fall lightly—these things, I say, destroy the pain and substitute a kind of glory. Even in France, the wretch who goeth forth to have his limbs crushed upon the wheel bears his head erect and is of a bold countenance, because of the crowds who have come out to see him. Wherefore, for the better putting down of crime, let the whippings and

the hangings be secret ; and for the better putting down of treason, let there be no executions, but only loss of estate and contempt. When scholars become ministers and philosophers statesmen, the world shall be better ordered.'

Why did not Heaven make Mr. Hilyard the son of a noble house, since he could thus discourse so wisely ?

I was told afterwards by Lady Cowper, from whom I learned at this time a great deal, that the unhappy Lord Derwentwater, being under examination by the Council, did himself much harm in his replies concerning a certain letter from the Prince. In this letter his Highness thanked him for the transmission of some moneys, said kind things concerning Colonel Thomas Radcliffe, and spoke hardly of Mr. Will Radcliffe, another of my lord's uncles, who lived in Rome. The letter, which was intercepted I know not how, also furnished particulars concerning private persons, which enabled the Ministry to seize various papers of consequence. The prisoner seemed to the Council to trifle with them, treating the letter as an invention and a trick.

Possibly he did this, out of the great kindness of his heart, in order to avoid implicating others; because no one that I know ever had the least doubt that he kept up a correspondence with the Prince, his old playfellow. I cannot understand how Lady Cowper (who took all her opinions from her husband) could speak of his answer as showing what she called ill manners and foolish cunning. Certainly a man must try to screen his friends, and the Council must have known on what terms the Prince and Lord Derwentwater had always been.

I have long considered and often debated with Mr. Hilyard the case of this trial, and the reasons why Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure alone should have been executed, seeing that neither was worse than the other five, and that one of them was better (so to speak), because he might have brought into the field so many hundreds of men, and he brought none. Mr. Hilyard, who is now a confessed Whig and all for the Protestant Succession, agrees with me that King George at first intended to sacrifice the whole seven.

with as many of the gentlemen as he decently could, in order to strike terror.

'We must remember,' he said, 'that, until hangings began in Liverpool and Preston, not one of the people in the north, whether prisoners or at large, believed that the King would dare hang any, so great was their delusion as regards the strength of the cause. But when the King saw how many of his friends would be struck, and their affections alienated by the deaths of these great lords, he began to consider which among them had the fewest friends. These were the Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure. As regards the former, his title was of so recent date that he had few cousins among the Lords, and his education having been abroad, he had no friends at all among his Peers. Therefore, it was resolved at last (even Lord Nithsdale being reprieved on the very day of his escape) that these two alone should be done to death.'

I would say with regard to the astonishment of the North-country people at the sentences, and their stubborn belief in the cause, that the chief reason why so many held aloof,

why those who came brought so few with them, and why the whole five counties of the north, Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, did not all rise together, was that each man thought he should not be wanted, because his neighbours, who were sure to go, would suffice—one had business or was ill, or newly married—always some excuse; and when the enterprise went from good to bad, and from bad to worse, all the more reason for sitting still, for why throw good money after bad? Since I understood this, I have ceased from feeling indignation against those who ought to have come out, but who stayed at home.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FRANK'S ATTEMPT.

And now, indeed, if anything was to be done, it was the time. As for my lord, he was already making his preparations for leaving the world, having little hope left of reprieve or pardon. Terrible as it is at any age, even when one is old and spent, to leave the light of the sun, the solace of friends and children, and those joys which belong alike to every time of life and to every condition, most terrible of all must it be to give up the world, which is full of every kind of joy and delight, to those who can command them, when one is young, a husband and a father, rich, beloved, and happy. Yet to this Lord Derwentwater cheerfully resigned himself.

I suppose that never in the history of this country have condemned prisoners found so

many friends as these six lords. Nothing more clearly proves that England doth steadfastly refuse (whatever the Whigs may say) to confound adherence to the ancient House with high treason, a crime against which the English blood naturally shudders. Many have been executed for this crime, especially under Henry VIII. and the three Princes who came after him. But never once did any great lords exert themselves to save these criminals. Yet here were great lords and noblemen, Whigs all—that is to say, of the offended side—besieging the throne (occupied by a German Duke) for mercy, while even their public journals, and those red-hot pulpits which had bawled so loudly for revenge, now considered with horror the prospect of spilling this noble blood. The Princess of Wales herself, moved with womanly compassion, resolved to do her best, difficult though it was, to save one of the six, and chose Lord Carnwath for the object of her mercy. He was at this time but thirty years of age, said to be of great virtue and excellent parts, educated at Oxford. Nor was she deterred one whit from her purpose by the fact that his lordship's mother

was a most violent and indiscreet woman, who went about declaring everywhere that her son would fall in a noble cause. She, therefore, sent Sir David Hamilton to him, telling him that his only hope lay in confession. Upon this the Earl wrote a letter, in which he confessed that he had gone to Lorraine and conversed with the Prince, and urged him to make very sure of his friends in England before he went to Scotland (which was sound advice, and, if the Prince had followed it, we had all been saved). He also said that he learned, from some of the Prince's company, that it was debated whether the King of Sweden should not be invited into Scotland, there to establish King James by force of arms. The revelation of this design, as nothing could do the Prince more harm, was, perhaps, of itself sufficient service to warrant the release of the prisoner. Alas! that a righteous cause should be ruined by foolish counsellors! It is now by French arms, now by Swedish, that the King is to be restored! As if the proud English nation will ever receive a Prince thus imposed upon them! In the end, Lord Carnwath was suffered to go free, but his honours

were attainted, and he became a simple Scottish gentleman. As for the Countess of Nithsdale, the recollection of her gallant rescue of her husband always makes my blood to boil, because our own scheme, which was so safe and easy, was put out of our power by the act of Providence, as you shall learn presently. Lady Nithsdale did not, however, resort to this stratagem until she had first tried every method. She even waylaid the King on his passage to the Drawing Room from his own apartments. She held in her hands a petition, drawn up by her husband; and as he passed she threw herself at his feet, crying out in French, so that he could not pretend not to understand, that she was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale. He made as if he would pass without attending, but she caught at the skirt of his coat; he tried to tear it from her hand, and actually dragged her on her knees (was not this an act of Kingly clemency?) to the very door of the Drawing Room, where two of the officers seized her, one by the waist and the other by the hands, and so tore her from the King's presence.

Lady Derwentwater fared no better, except

that, with a cruelty only equalled by James II. when he saw the Duke of Monmouth after trial, the King consented to receive her. The unhappy woman, who was accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton and by many other great ladies, was presented to the King by the Dukes of St. Albans and Richmond, sons of Charles II., and therefore half-uncles to Lord Derwentwater.

The Countess fell upon her knees (it was on Sunday, after Divine Service, when the heart should be naturally open to compassion, as being just absolved from sin and still repentant), and thereupon, in a kind of rapture, implored the King for mercy. Those who were present and heard her prayer have declared that never could they believe a woman able to speak so movingly, with such eloquence, such art (as it seemed, but it was only the art of great love and great misery), such passion. Those who were with her wept aloud, and even among the gentlemen there was not a dry eye or a face unmoved—excepting only the King's. While every heart was bleeding, he alone stood listening with hard eyes and fixed lips, and presently suffered her to be led

away without a word of hope. Her husband, he was resolved, should die. He was the youngest, the noblest, and the best of all; he was no more deeply involved than the rest, but he was the friend and companion of the Prince; therefore, he must be sent to his doom. Is it not wonderful that any man, much more wonderful a Prince, should be found not only so vindictive, but so lost to honour and to shame, as thus to sport with the misery and despair of a woman, and take pleasure in seeing his victim's wife lying humbled at his feet?

Yet, I suppose to show some pretence of clemency, on the following day—namely, Monday, the 20th of February, four days before the execution—two noblemen went to the Tower, and offered my lord his life if he would acknowledge the title of King George and adopt the Protestant religion. The Earl refused (could a man of honour accept these conditions?), declaring that he would sooner lose his life than give up his faith. I heard these things, day by day, from Lady Cowper, and I believe no secret was made of them, for Mr. Hilyard heard them at the coffee-houses

and in Newgate, whether he went daily, and where, you may suppose, the fate of the lords was watched with alternate hope and fear; for, as those noble heads were brought nearer the block, every man felt his own neck tightened.

The next day, being Tuesday, they sent two Protestant ministers to the Earl, begging that he would only send for some learned Divine of the Church of England, as if to consult on religious doubts. But my lord had no doubts, and would not pretend to any, even if thereby he might save his life. I could have wished, so that I could feel his future lot assured, that he had become a Protestant; but to pretend religious doubts, to sell his faith for a few transitory years, this would have destroyed for ever the noble image that lived in my heart, and put in its place a poor and contemptible creature indeed.

Whilst the Countess and her great friends were vainly endeavouring the release of Lord Derwentwater, others were resolved to attempt it, and would have carried it out in much simpler fashion, but for fate, or rather Providence, which willed otherwise. Frank Radcliffe, like all persons in his sad condition, one

day contemplated death with resignation, and the next looked forward with confidence to getting better in a few days. In one of the latter periods Jenny communicated to him her design, which we had hitherto hidden from him. Immediately he fell into a kind of fever in his anxiety to be the means of liberating his brother. He would go that very day—the next day, then. There must not be a moment lost. What did it matter if he were imprisoned, if only the Earl could be saved? If he could not walk, he must be carried.

'Cousin Dorothy,' the poor lad whispered, 'my life has been of very little account. What can a poor Catholic gentleman do in this country, which denies him everything? I might have been a scholar, but you will not admit me to your Universities; or a statesman, but I may not enter Parliament; or a soldier. But you will not suffer me so much as to carry the colours. Yet, am I not an Englishman? Let me do one thing, at least, before I die. Do not tell Jenny, because I think she loves me; but I believe that I am dying.'

I told him (though I knew it was untrue) that he should not die, but recover and live; yea, that he should do this brave thing. But my heart sank within me, for he was now so weak that he could not stand upon his feet or hold up his head, and his cough was so violent that it seemed to tear him asunder. He had no ease except when Jenny was with him, which could not be in the evenings. She charmed away his cough, and laid him, by that magic skill of hers, in a quiet slumber, during which, at least, he did not cough. I met the girl now without the repugnance which first I felt towards her, forgiving her deception in the matter of the sorcery at Dilston, and even forgetting that she was an actress, and seeing in her the only woman who was able to alleviate his sufferings for this poor dying lad. What matter, now, that he was in love with her, or she so ambitious as to look for him to marry her?

In these days, when each hour was of importance, Mr. Hilyard and I looked at each other with sad and despairing eyes, but dared not say what was in our hearts. Frank

was dying; the hopes that he built upon his likeness to his brother were fast fading. If ever he rose again from his bed, it would be after his unhappy brother was executed and buried. Yet Jenny, for one, could not believe it.

'He is better,' she said every morning; 'he is better and stronger than yesterday. Last night he slept. His physicians assure me he is easier. With one more good night's rest he will be strong again.'

'Oh, Jenny!' I whispered, 'he will never be strong again!' But she shook her head impatiently, and would not listen.

One morning, beside his bedside, while he slept, she told me, with many tears, how the poor lovesick boy followed her, without any encouragement from herself, from place to place when she first began to play, so that it became a subject of ridicule and mirth for the company; how it was he who first gave her dresses in which to make a brave show upon the stage; how he encouraged and exhorted her to study and practise and not to lose heart, but even before an audience of bumpkins and upon the boards of a barn

to do her best and to speak out as if for a London audience; how he took her from her strolling company and brought her to London and paid for her lodging, treating her with such honour as one doth not, alas! always expect or often observe in a gentleman towards an actress, or a woman of her lowly origin; how, at length, but not until her efforts were crowned with success, and she became almost at a leap a favourite of the great city and one of his Majesty's servants at Drury Lane, he asked her to marry him.

'Oh, Miss Dorothy!' she said, 'you know me, what I am. Why, my father was a gipsy; and as for me, I can conjure, tell fortunes, read the future, lie, steal, cozen, and cheat the eyes with any of them; or better, because some are foolish and clumsy. Yet he would marry me—a gentleman would marry me! I have plenty of lovers at my choice. But for marriage—no, indeed. It was I who kept him from going off with Mr. Charles last summer. What! Let my man go fighting on other people's business? Not I. What do I care for Prince or Pretender, this King

and that? He will marry me, as soon as he gets well; and then I will leave the stage, and we will live somewhere retired, where no one will ask if I was once Jenny Lee, the actress. For, look you, Miss Dorothy, I would not shame him.'

'But he is a Catholic, Jenny. Would you, too, become a Catholic?'

She laughed. All the gipsy came into her face.

'Why,' she said, 'for that matter I am a Protestant with you; if I go to the tents of my people, what are they, and what am I, with them? They lie in the sun; they love the open air; they whistle to the birds; like the birds, they live to-day, and to-morrow they die, and are buried in the ditch, and so forgotten. But to live is enough for them. Oh that I were out of this town and in the open country, with Frank well and strong beside me! What matter what he believes and calls his religion? As soon as he gets well it shall be mine.' She spread her arms abroad and repeated, with a strange yearning look in her black eyes—poor Jenny!—'As soon as he gets well.'

Now, all this time, Frank was lying in the sleep into which Jenny had thrown him. When she went away, at last, she made those motions with her hands which always awakened him. He was easier, it seemed, but his voice was low. She kissed him on the forehead, bade him keep quiet and sleep if he could, and left us. I was to stay with him all the evening.

'Tell me again,' he whispered, 'what I am to do in order to rescue my brother James.'

Alas! It was already Saturday; the fatal day was fixed for the following Thursday; though that we knew not. But I knew very well that the day was now very near.

'Do not speak, then, Frank, but listen.' So I told him all over again, just as one tells a child the same story till he knows it by heart, and yet must have it told over again, that he was to be disguised with false eyebrows and paint, and so, with Jenny, gain admittance to his brother's cell, and then—but I have already told the scheme, which was as simple as it was clever. He felt so easy this evening, though weak, that it pleased him

to imagine himself carrying out this brave project.

In the evening, when he had taken some broth, he felt, he said, his strength returning fast, and tried to sit up, but with no great success.

'Sometimes,' he told me, 'I wake in the night cold and shivering, and feel as if the dews of death were already upon my forehead; sometimes I awake full of courage, and, though in the darkness, think to see my life stretching far before me, with Jenny in my arms. I am resolved what I shall do when I recover. I shall marry her without delay, and take her from the theatre (where her ambition has been sufficiently gratified), and so away to the country; or, perhaps, to France, where we will live retired, and meditate.' Then he spoke of the joys of a country life, and how among such simple pleasures as books, a garden, and the open air, the years would peacefully slip away. 'I want no more,' he said. 'Perhaps I formerly asked too much of Heaven. Who am I that I should sigh for distinction and honour? What profit would they be to me beside a calm and peaceful life with the

woman I love? Let others care for these things.'

I asked him, seeing that it gave him no pain to speak, how it was that he fell in love with Jenny.

'I know not how,' he replied. 'Perhaps it was because I found with her, from the very first, a strange rest; she seems to know beforehand what are my very thoughts and what I wish. Besides, she is, as everybody confesses, the most beautiful of women as well as the most sprightly, the most bewitching, and the most witty. How do I know why I love her?'

All this he said, and more, in broken discourse, as he felt able to talk. In the intervals I read to him or talked to him; nor did I leave him until it was time for him to go to bed, whither his landlady's two strapping sons carried him first, and then guarded me, armed with stout sticks—for the streets were full of rough and desperate men—to my own lodging.

I knew not that I had talked with a dying man. Yet in the morning, when they took him his cup of broth, they found him

lying cold and dead. His soul had passed away in sleep, and he lay, his head upon his hand, calm, peaceful, and with a smile upon his thin and wasted lips. As for his face, when we looked upon it, it was so like his brother's, that one trembled and felt cold, knowing that before many days, as poor Frank's face looked now, so would look that other, cold in death.

Mr. Hilyard brought me the dreadful news. Poor Frank! We wept not so much for him as for the ruin of our hopes; for now our last chance was gone. Yet one might well have wept for the shortness of a life which seemed born for happiness. The curse of the Stuarts had fallen also upon the Radcliffes; better had it been for them, a thousand times better, had they married with their own people, and remained plain country knights.

In the chamber where lay the dead man upon the bed (was it possible that the cold face, so white and still, was but last night full of hope and life, and the fixed eyes full of light?) sat Jenny Lee, her hands clasped, not crying or sobbing, but as one in a trance. I tried such words of comfort as one attempts

in the hour of sorrow; but they were vain. Mr. Hilyard addressed her, ordering her to seek relief in prayer and resignation; but she shook her head. Who shall comfort a woman in the first moments of her bereavement? Frank was dead. Why, then, leave poor Jenny awhile alone with her senseless corpse. Come out and shut the door.

Frank was dead; and with him died the last of our hopes.

'Mine,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'have been dead since I saw that he could never more leave his chamber. Had that poor lad been strong, we had made such a gallant rescue as would have made all England to ring with the story. But he is dead. Poor Jenny! It was for his sake that she took care of her reputation and is blameless. Now he is gone—why—poor Jenny!'

Presently she came forth, still with dry eyes.

'He was a Catholic,' she said. 'Let us remember that when he is buried. Will you look to his funeral, Mr. Hilyard? His religion did not, you see, prevent him from

dying so young any more than if he had been a gipsy lying in a ditch. No matter; I am henceforth of his religion.'

We made no reply. She looked about the room, and gathered together two or three books.

'These,' she said, 'I will take, because they are mine, with my own name in them; and if any of his friends care to see where and how he died, it will be well not to let them feel ashamed because he loved an actress. Oh, Miss Dorothy!' she burst into tears and fell to kissing my hands; 'it is for you I am crying, not for myself; for Frank is dead, and there is no one now to rescue my lord, who will surely die.'

It was Sunday morning; at that very moment the Countess was pouring out her passionate prayer for mercy, and the King was listening with stony eyes and hardened heart. There was now no room for help or hope; but he must die.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MY LORD'S LAST DAYS.

Let me return to the last days of Lord Derwentwater, who, perhaps (but of this I am not sure), never heard of his brother's death.

The chief clergyman, or priest, of the Roman Catholic Church in London was then the Reverend Bonaventura Gifford, commonly called in their ecclesiastical manner the Vicar Apostolic. Immediately after sentence had been pronounced, this learned Father applied for permission to administer spiritual consolation and the offices of the Church to this man about to die. For some reason which I know not, this permission was refused, and Dr. Gifford denied admission to the prisoner. The Government, however, consented that a certain Father Pippard, a simple priest, should

attend him during the fortnight between sentence and execution.

I have seen and have copied out with my own hand a letter in which this pious man set down all that he remembered concerning my lord's last days upon the earth. From the beginning, though not without hope (even the meanest and vilest criminal never, I suppose, abandons hope till the cart moves from under his feet, much more this innocent victim), he resigned himself to the steady and fearless contemplation of death, and gave himself over altogether to those religious exercises that were ordered by his spiritual advisers, together with the reading of such books as were most proper for a man so soon about to be summoned before his Judge. Thus, each morning he read, as directed, a chapter or two of the New Testament, and especially those of our Lord's Passion, with some portion of the 'Following of Christ,' 'The Confessions of Saint Austin,' and other good books chosen for him by his adviser. Methinks nothing in the world can so smooth a death-bed and console a dying man as the memory of having written a good book for the consola-

tion of sorrowful and stricken souls and the strengthening of faith for those about to die. (Poor Frank had no such interval of meditation and prayer.) Chiefly my lord read with wonderful satisfaction, the good priest said, the edifying history of a certain Italian youth, who for some crime—I know not of what nature, or perhaps unjustly, like Lord Derwentwater—was condemned to death, but fell into so beautiful a repentance, and so heartily prayed, meditated, and fasted, that he made of the death which he could not avoid a voluntary sacrifice of himself, his life, and affections, before the throne of God, thereby imitating the blessed example of Him who, though it was ordained by His Heavenly Father that He should drink the chalice, yet did it voluntarily and of His own free will and consent. This example my lord proposed to follow.

Further, when they came—not once, but several times—to offer him his life if he would change his religion, which was a most wicked and a most diabolical temptation to lay before so young and so fortunate a man, with all earth's pleasures before him, he refused with-

out the least hesitation or doubt. 'And this,' said Father Pippard's letter, 'he told me with the greatest transport of joy, that having refused his life on such terms, he hoped it was not now making a virtue of necessity; that, had he a thousand lives, he would sooner part with them than renounce his faith; and, with tears of joy in his eyes, he humbly thanked God for giving him this opportunity of testifying his love for Him.' Not once, but twice, they troubled him with this offer, which was as insulting to the honour of the Earl as it was disgraceful to the humanity of those who proposed this temptation. Whoever they were, they entreated him earnestly, even on the day before his execution, that he would make some sign, as it were, of doubt concerning the Articles of the Roman Catholic Faith, if only to borrow a book of Protestant controversy. But he steadfastly refused to beg his life on these terms. I have sometimes thought that possibly it was the Archbishop of Canterbury who was thus anxious to find an excuse for begging a reprieve. Everybody knows well that there were some, even among the Ministers and in the Privy Council, who

would gladly have seen him pardoned, if only a show of reason could be arrived at with which to move the King. But without such excuse there was no possibility of further interference, and so the law must take its course.

One more chance remained, and it was the last. The Countess had appealed in person to the King, but without avail; she would now appeal to the Houses of Parliament. On Tuesday this noble and courageous woman, accompanied by a large number of ladies, her friends, went to the House of Lords with a petition, which was presented by the Duke of Richmond. The petition was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, which was thought a most remarkable thing, by the Earl of Nottingham, one of the Ministers. In the end, the House moved that an address be presented to the King, that he should reprieve such of the condemned lords as should deserve his mercy. A motion to the same effect was made in the House of Commons, but was rejected by a majority of seven, some of the speakers against it being very violent.

The interference of the lords did no good, except to anger and harden the King so far as Lord Derwentwater's case was concerned; but on Wednesday, Lord Widdrington and Lord Carnwath were reprieved. Lord Nairn had already been reprieved through the instance of Lord Stanhope, who declared that he would resign his office if his old schoolfellow at Eton was not pardoned. On Thursday, though he knew it not, and escaped on that same day, Lord Nithsdale was also reprieved. It is therefore clear that from the beginning it was resolved to make an example in the person of the youngest and the least guilty (supposing there is any guilt in taking up arms for your lawful Sovereign).

On Thursday, when three out of the seven lords were already reprieved, the Countess made another effort to see the King. She was, as before, accompanied by her friends. But the King this time obstinately refused to see her, and gave her to understand that her husband's execution would take place the next morning.

Then at last she ceased her exertions, and

went to the Tower for her last most sad and sorrowful parting with her husband, the thing dreaded by him far more than the executioner's axe, insomuch that he had begged her, through Lord Widdrington, to take her last farewell a week before, in order that his last moments might be wholly given up to God. But this was too hard for her to bear, and he was overruled. Father Pippard wrote in that letter of his, 'No man could have a greater regard and tenderness for his wife than he had for you, and I think there could not be a greater argument of it than this, that when he seemed to be raised above the sentiments of the world in everything else, he had not quite got the better of himself in regard to your ladyship, though even here he appeared wonderful to me. For the last morning your ladyship parted from him I was surprised to find him so composed; and, congratulating his lordship upon the victory he had gained over his affections, he answered that you had been, both of you, upon your knees begging that favour of God, for nigh a quarter of an hour before you took leave of each other.'

Nothing more sorrowful can be thought of

than the picture of that unhappy pair kneeling side by side to pray that they might so gain the victory over their affections as to part with each other with resignation. It cannot be a part of religion—I cannot bring myself to think that it is—for a man thus on the point of death to tear his wife out of his heart, or for her to let him go out of hers. Rather should they thank Heaven for the earthly love they have enjoyed together, and pray that it may be continued and glorified in the heavenly world, so that they may together experience the joys of that blessed abode, and be the more happy in knowing of each other's bliss. But perhaps Catholics think differently, and although they have made marriage into a sacrament (without Scriptural warrant), they have ever been harsh as regards their opinion of women.

Every year, once, on the day of my lord's execution, I read this letter of Father Pippard with tears, and I make no doubt that his widow did the same; for she never smiled after her husband's death, but slowly wasted away, and some years later died, being then not yet thirty, poor soul! (It was in Louvain

that she died, and lies buried in the English convent there, having been a most pious woman, and strict in the practice of all the duties enjoined by her Church.)

During that last fortnight the Earl talked continually, while the Countess was with him (this she told me herself), of his early days and the few events of his short life, just as old men soon about to die love to think of the days when they were young and strong. He spoke of his education at St. Germain's, of his return to his native country and the greetings of his friends and cousins, of the summer he spent chiefly in my society, speaking of me, even at such a time, in words of kindness which I can never forget, and recall with a kind of pride that so great and noble a heart should deceive himself into imagining that I possessed those great qualities which he ascribed to me. It is only a good heart which thinks others good. He even sent me a last gift in token of his regard and affection for me, and in memory of our former friendship. 'Give Dorothy for me,' he said, 'with my love and prayer for her welfare—something—whatever thou wilt. But let it be something which

I have given to thee, sweetheart, since we married. This she will value most.'

Surely never was there a more loyal and generous man. He wished me to feel that he had never forgotten me; but, withal, I must learn that he loved me with an affection pure and free from earthly passion, as he desired my affection to be towards him; and this he would show by giving me something which he had given to his wife; this I need not be ashamed as a virtuous woman to receive, nor he as a Christian man to offer; nor she, as one who wholly possessed his heart, to give.

In this spirit I accepted the ring of topaz and amethyst which the Countess drew from her finger and put upon mine, kissing me with abundance of tears, and saying:

'Did you ever hear the like, Dorothy, that one woman should give to another a gift from her husband and yet not be jealous! Yet, dear Dorothy, I have known all along how much he continued to love you and esteem you, and that without the least suspicion or touch of jealousy, so true he was, and open in all that he did and said, and so sure was I that I owned all his heart.'

She did indeed, and I could now think of it without bitterness, though there was once a time when I wondered how men could so change their heart as to be all for one woman in the spring, so to speak, and all for another in the summer. For sure and certain my lord had no eyes for any other woman, save in the way of honest and friendly affection, after he was married; and to him she was a good and loyal wife, though (because she was human) not wholly free from certain small imperfections which sometimes caused rubs, due to quickness of temper and the like, of which we know.

But oh! to think that in this, his last mortal agony, being at the very threshold of death, in the anteroom of the Great Judgment Hall, a soul trembling in the presence of his Maker, engaged in earnest repentance, and anxiously seeking assurance of forgiveness, he should have thought of me! I have desired in my will that this ring, with one other thing, be buried with me in my coffin.

I asked the Countess how he looked on this his last day. She told me that for want of the fresh air and riding exercises, to which he

was accustomed, he was pale of cheek; but that, owing to the fasting diet which he thought becoming to one in his position, he was grown thin, and his eyes were brighter than of ordinary. For the rest, he was grave, and smiled no longer (could one ever forget the sweet smile that always played upon his lips and the kind light that lay in his eyes?). He shed few tears (save that at parting with his wife he gave one sob), because he was so brave and resolute by nature, and because, by special grace of Heaven, he was enabled to look upon the separation as for a brief space only. But he wept bitterly when he parted from his infant children, praying Heaven to protect his boy—then two years old, and like an angel for beauty—and his infant daughter. (The boy is since dead, being killed by an accident at nineteen years; but the girl, Lady Anna, is not long since married to a Catholic Peer, the Lord Petre, whose uncle married her aunt, my lord's sister. May she be blessed with a long life and many children!)

On Thursday morning my lord received a letter from the Vicar Apostolic, which afforded

him great consolation, although, to hear some men talk and to read some things written, there is nothing in all that religion but hypocrisy and deceits. As if we are not all men and women—that is to say, mortal and doomed to die, and after death the next world; wherefore, though I doubt not the exceeding wickedness and cruelty of many Popes, Inquisitors, and Cardinals, needs must that they, as well as we ourselves, sometimes contemplate soberly and with prayer the condition of their souls, and especially at the awful time when death is appointed and now nigh at hand. The Vicar's letter, therefore, which I have seen—and a most beautiful and truly religious letter it is—gave my lord great support, and even happiness. On that day he confessed, communicated, and heard Mass, together with Lord Widdrington; for several days before his death he steadfastly fasted, and refused to take any wine, although he suffered from a grievous cough. As for fasting, that is no doubt a help to most of us in spiritual things, as it leaves the brain free from the gross humours generated by strong meat, and in a manner clears away from the eyes the

mists which obscure our sight and sense of heavenly things.

'But,' said Father Pippard, in that memorandum of his, 'he wanted none of these helps, for he was visibly helped with an extraordinary grace, which appeared in his countenance and in all his behaviour, to the admiration of all that beheld him.'

In the evening before his execution he sat up writing letters of farewell to his wife, his mother, his brother Charles, and others. In the first, which the poor soul showed to me, he said that Lord Nithsdale had escaped. Alas! the news of that escape fell upon our hearts (I mean on mine especially) as a reproach. For we should have used something of the same way with Lord Derwentwater had it not been ordered otherwise. As regards his brother Charles, it is sad to relate that Lord Townshend, Secretary of State, forbade his taking leave of his brother, so great was the rancour with which these young men were regarded. (It is very well known how Charles afterwards escaped from Newgate while under sentence of death. A few years later he married the Countess of Newburgh in her own

right, and hath children, so that the noble line of Radcliffe will be continued, with another title and rank equal to that which has been lost.)

As for what passed in the Tower on the morning of the execution, it was related in the conclusion of Father Pippard's letter. He said that he went early to the Tower, not expecting to be admitted, but, contrary to his expectation, being permitted to pass into the Earl's room, he found Lord Widdrington with him, and both on their knees at prayers ; but with this difference, that Lord Widdrington could not read his for the weeping and tears which choked his voice, while Lord Derwentwater was reading his aloud, and with a sedate and audible voice. Whereupon Father Pippard at first, and hastily, concluded that the latter had been reprieved and the former sentenced. But it was the contrary : for Lord Widdrington had come to tell his brother prisoner that he himself had received a reprieve (the news was not brought to him until eight o'clock that morning), and he was weeping to see the constancy, resignation, and Christian grace displayed by his brother-in-arms who was to suffer what he himself escaped.

Presently word was brought that the coaches were come for the two who were to be executed. Wherefore Father Pippard begged Lord Widdrington to say anything he had to say as quickly as he could. But all he had to say was, with many tears, that if he were to live a thousand years he should never forget the courage and resignation which he that day witnessed. So he went away, and Lord Derwentwater betook himself to confession and prayers; which done, he walked down to the coach, even the keepers, buffetiers, and guards—yea, and the common soldiers, being dissolved in tears, and he alone preserving a calm and composed countenance.

My lord was dressed becomingly in black velvet, wearing a beaver hat with a black plume, black hose, and black leather shoes with silver buckles. Round his neck was hanging a gold crucifix, and in his hand he carried a book of devotion. Before reaching the scaffold he was joined by the Vicar Apostolic. Then, I suppose for form's sake, he was again offered his life if he would renounce his faith and his loyalty; but he put the offer by gravely, saying that it would be too dear a purchase.

When they came to the City Bars the sheriffs informed him that they had prepared a room for him near the scaffold, in case he desired to retire for a time. He thanked them, and accepted their offer, spending half an hour with the priests in prayer. Lord Kenmure, who was accompanied by his eldest son, joined him in this dismal chamber.

Then came the last scene—the shedding of that noble blood and the flight of that sweet soul to heaven. Even if the Romish doctrine of Purgatory were true, of which we have no Scriptural warrant (though the thought must be consoling to many a poor mother whose son has been cut off in open sin), I cannot but believe that the sacrifice of a life thus laid down as a voluntary offering, according to the teaching of the priests, and with many heart-felt prayers, must have been received, and that Lord Derwentwater's soul is now at peace and in happiness among the blessed.

Mr. Hilyard was among those who stood on Tower Hill to see the sad sight. I believe that the people of London take a peculiar pleasure in witnessing spectacles the thought of which fills one's heart with horror, so that

whether it be a wretch in a pillory, or a hussy being whipped before an alderman, or a rogue flogged at a cart-tail, or a hanging at Tyburn, or a beheading on Tower Hill, they cannot choose but sally forth and stand in thousands —yea, and for hours together, so eager are they to behold the deportment and carriage of the sufferer, comparing him with others, his predecessors, applauding or reproving, according to his courage or his cowardice. Mr. Hilyard, whatever else he might be, was always a Londoner. Something of the same temper, I suppose, was possessed by the Athenians, who were always running after some new thing.

'There was never,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'so great a crowd of people gathered together on Tower Hill; men there were of every condition, with fine ladies in the windows; and though many thought that the punishment was just, there were none (of those who stood around me) but thought it excessive. For why, all men asked, were Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure condemned, and the rest reprieved? What had these two done worse than those who were with them? Why was

not Lord Widdrington, who was older, and should have been wiser, with them? Such questions passed from one to the other, not in whispers, but loudly, so that I think the character of the King will hardly gain, whatever may be the effect of these punishments in the north. Truly, as is said by Solomon, "Mercy and truth preserve the king: and his throne is upholden by mercy."

'The crowd began at daybreak, even before; nay, there were persons who came on the night before, and made fires on Tower Hill to warm them by, for the night was very cold. There was some idle talk about a rescue, and of destroying the scaffold; but that passed away, and, indeed, the Jacobites in these days have to keep snug. Yet they were on Tower Hill by hundreds, and were cursing the Hanoverian in whispers, and shedding tears for the two lords long before the time for the execution.

'I first saw my lord when he came forth from the chamber which the sheriffs caused to be made for him. Sir John Fryer went before him. After him came two Popish priests and a great company, though who they

were I know not. When he mounted the steps and stood upon the black scaffold before all the people, his face was pale, but his eye was steady. To my thinking he looked upon the great multitude much as, in the persecution of Diocletian, a Christian martyr may have looked upon the gaping crowds assembled to see him die, and to wonder why he could not save his life by a pinch of incense. Then a silence fell upon all, save for the sobs of some and the muttered prayers of others, so that you would have thought yourself in some great church——'

A church, indeed! For such an occasion the Tower Hill was nothing but the temple of the living God, and the scaffold was an altar of sacrifice, and my lord a true martyr and confessor of his faith and loyalty.

'He spoke a few words to Sir John Fryer, and then, kneeling down before us all, prayed for a good while. But none of the crowd spake or moved, and I saw the tears running down all cheeks. This done, he rose and spoke earnestly for a minute or two with one of the sheriffs, and taking a paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and read in a steady, loud

voice, so that all might hear his last dying speech and confession. Confession, I call it, because he confessed and declared manfully that he owned allegiance to none but the Prince, his lawful King; and if it seemed otherwise by his plea of guilty, he begged that he might be understood as not intending to acknowledge King George as his lawful Sovereign. Why, it seems to me, so noble and so manful was his speech, that were there in this realm but half-a-dozen like unto him, so noble and so generous, the Protestant Succession would be ruined.

'This done, he repeated a penitential Psalm, and uttered audibly (many of the people saying "Amen!" after him, as if they were in church) certain ejaculations. After this he knelt in prayer once more, and this time many of the company on the scaffold—even the executioner himself—knelt and prayed with him, weeping. He then rose and removed his wig and coat, which the keeper should have had, but the executioner claimed as his own; and there was an unseemly dispute, during which my lord stood quiet, only whispering a few words to one of the priests.

This settled, he examined the block, and pointed out very calmly a rough place which might hurt his neck. That roughness the executioner made smooth with his axe.

'After this, he said in a loud voice, so that all should hear: "I forgive all that are concerned in my execution, and I forgive all the world."

'According to custom, the executioner asked his forgiveness. Then, all being done, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. I suppose that he gave certain instructions to the headsman. One of the priests bent over him and gave him, as I understood the gesture, the last absolution as to one *in articulo mortis*. Then he said in a loud voice: "Dear Jesus, be merciful to me. Dear Jesus, be merciful to me. Dear Jesus——" Then fell the axe, and at a single blow the head was severed from the body.'

Here Mr. Hilyard stopped in his narrative, and we wept together.

What have any, of all those who knew and loved that gallant youth, done since but weep and cry at the mere thought of his noble death, and the cruel loss to all? Yet weep-

ing will not bring him back. Oh! if every tear shed that day had been a drop of molten lead, there was one woman who would have rejoiced to pour all upon the head of the hard and revengeful George, then called King of this realm! George hath now gone to his account, and I hope that this woman was Christian enough before he died to pray that this heavy sin might be forgiven him.

The Earl's servant, Francis Wilson, received the head in a red velvet cloth, and carried it away with him, no one molesting him. The body, no coffin or hearse having been provided, was laid in a hackney-coach, and so taken to the Tower, where it lay for three days, when it was taken away by night to a surgeon, who enbalmed it and laid it in a coffin with the head. The coffin was carried first to Dagenham Park, near Romford, where the widowed Countess was residing for a time, and thence, travelling by night, it was taken to Dilston, and buried in his own chapel. His heart was placed in a casket and sent to Angers, where it was given to a convent of English nuns.

As for the Prince, for whose sake this and

so many other lives were laid down, he had already fled from Scotland and landed at Gravelines two days before Lord Derwentwater's death, and I know not what were his emotions on hearing of his early friend's tragic end. But the Queen-mother was deeply affected. I saw the Countess once more before I left London ; she was then staying at a house in the country, not far from London, called Kensington Gravel Pits. She was composed and resigned, but the old vivacity was gone, and her once bright eyes were dull. She confessed that it was her duty to live for the children, but for whom she would have prayed for death. Sad it was to see the sweet, fair-haired boy, not yet four years old, clinging to his mother's knee, wondering why her eyes were always full of tears. They could not take away the child's estates, because in them the Earl had only a life-interest ; but he had lost his title, though everyone always called him the Earl. What mattered title or estate if he had not also lost his father? We talked very movingly together for some hours, confessing to each other that we had done foolishly and ignorantly (yet

we believed what we were told, and what can women do more ?) in urging on men who were so full of loyalty, and yet hesitated to strike, being better acquainted than we were with the dangers and the consequences. Yet we agreed that the cause was most just and righteous, and must prosper in the end if England is to look for peace and Heaven's blessing. But for a long time there could be no hope of success unless in the changed temper of the people.

It was on this, the last time I saw her, that she gave me the precious gift of her dead husband, with the words which he wished her to use. I have already spoken of this gift. So we parted, with kisses and more tears, and I saw the poor distracted creature no more.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TOM'S ESCAPE.

All the story which I set myself to tell has now been written down, except only the manner and way of Tom's escape from Newgate, which was as follows. We were not neglecting his affairs all the while; and Mr. Hilyard, as I have said, had found an honest sea captain. The man who was recommended to him was a certain smuggler or fisherman, named Shipman—a good name for one in his profession—who had a fast-sailing schooner or hoy, in which he carried on his trade. We were assured that we could thoroughly trust this man, and that, whether for carrying a cargo of Nantz, or parcel of lace, or a Jacobite gentleman, or a highwayman, or a Jesuit priest, or any other secret commodity, backwards or forwards across the water, the man

had not his equal, whether for safety, secrecy, or despatch. His terms were high ; but then, in such times, one must pay for honesty. Thus, we were to give him fifty guineas for landing Tom upon the coast of France ; but he knew beforehand that he had to do with a prisoner of distinction, for whose capture a much larger sum than fifty guineas would be offered. Surely a man who takes fifty guineas, and keeps his word, when treachery would have given him a thousand pounds, is worth waiting for.

We waited for him, therefore, until the end of February, when Mr. Hilyard found him, opened negotiations, and presently took me to meet him at a place called Limehouse. In appearance he was quite another guess kind of fellow from the other, the Judas Iscariot captain of Wapping, having a rough and honest face, with clear eyes, which looked straight. We soon came to terms. He declared that he could not afford to take less than fifty guineas for the trip ; that times like these were brisk for honest sailors like himself, who troubled not themselves about party matters, and cared not a sour herring which was King

and which Pretender; and that he must make the best of his market. He then gave us to understand that the gentleman (whose name he knew not, and said he desired not to know, nor why he wished to leave his native shores) would not be the first by a great many whom he had carried across to France, and not one caught yet. For his own part, the more the merrier, and all the better for his old woman and the children: and he should not care if the Pretender's friends had a rising every month, nor if he was asked to carry King George himself and the Prince of Wales across to Holland out of the way. The fellow was so hearty, and laughed, and had so honest a face, that one could not choose but trust him. Therefore I agreed, and instructed Mr. Hilyard to make all other arrangements with him, as that he was not to have his money till his passenger was on board and the ship ready to drop down stream; that he was to be anchored off Leigh, in Essex, so as to avoid suspicion; and that he was, as soon as he had his schooner ready for sailing, to come to London, there to be at our service.

This done, I began to clinch the business with my friendly turnkey. *Nota bene* that, all through these troubles of Frank Radcliffe's illness and my lord's execution, either Mr. Hilyard or myself went daily to Newgate to cheer and encourage Tom, whose courage was now, what with the backsliding of his chaplain and the fate of Lord Derwentwater, as one may say, sunk down into his boots, almost beyond the power of a bottle to lift it up, nor did he derive any satisfaction save from his continual cursing of Mr. Patten. We were so careful lest he should in his cups say a word which might cause suspicion, that we told him nothing of our design.

Now, however, that we had secured our ship, it was necessary, without further delay, to open the business more fully with my friendly warden, Jonas. If he failed, but not unless, Mr. Hilyard should go to the honest Pitts, the Governor, and promise that greedy rogue all he asked. Therefore I went to the prison, where the worthy Jonas sat in the lobby or anteroom; but, instead of going straight through, I stopped, and, pulling out my handkerchief, began to cry and to wipe my eyes.

'Alas!' I said, 'the trials must soon come on. Think you, good Jonas, that my brother's case will be the first?'

'That, your ladyship,' he replied, jingling his keys, 'is more than we wardens know. First or last matters little, considering what the end must be.'

'Lady Nithsdale,' I went on—'ah! happy woman!—is said to have found a friend and helper among the guards of the Tower. But then, the Tower is not Newgate.'

'Belike she did,' he replied. 'Friends can always be found, even in Newgate, by the unhappy, if they go the right way to work.'

'Ah!' I whispered, 'would to Heaven that I could find such a compassionate heart in Newgate, and how richly would I reward him!' I observed that his eyes twinkled and his fingers clutched as though already grasping the reward.

'Why,' he said, 'as for that, and if it could be done without Mr. Pitts' knowledge, and was made well worth a body's while——'

'What do you call, Mr. Jonas, worth a body's while?'

'Why, to be plain, madam,' he said, 'do

you think I did not know your tricks and your ways when you began with your soft looks and your guinea here and your half a guinea there, what it meant? Let us come to business without further shilly-shally. What is it you want me to do, and for how much?'

'As for what I want you to do,' I replied, 'it is simple and easy, and I will tell you presently; as for the reward, you shall have something in hand—say ten guineas; but until General Forster is safe across the water, not a penny more.'

'I cannot send him across the water. But still—how much will your ladyship offer?'

'Why—shall I say fifty guineas?'

He laughed in my face.

'Fifty guineas! Why, he was the General of the Forces and he is a Member of Parliament! Fifty guineas for the Man under the Rose? Sure, madam, you seem to understand very little what your brother is worth in such a market as this. Fifty guineas? Well, if that is all, there is an end.'

I informed him that General Forster was not like Lord Nithsdale, a man of a great estate, but, on the other hand, that his estates

had been all sold up, so that he had nothing at all but what he would get at the death of his father. But he stiffly refused to do business, as he called it, on such shabby terms, and I was forced to raise my price. He was truly a most exorbitant creature, and refused to do anything until I gave him fifty guineas down, and an offer in writing to give him four hundred and fifty guineas more on my brother's escape being assured. The fellow had some education, it seems, and could read and write. I think he had been a kind of lawyer's clerk, who had been put into this place in return for some services. 'If,' he said, 'you make me the offer, I can put it into Mr. Pitts' hands should you play me false. Go away then, madam, and write it down, and bring the fifty pounds before we have any more dealings or talk.'

'But if,' I said, 'you play me false, and, after taking the fifty pounds, do not go on with the business?'

'Five hundred guineas,' he replied, 'though little enough reward for the escape of the General and the risk I run, is a mighty great sum for me. Your ladyship need not fear.'

I went away therefore, and presently wrote on a piece of paper words which might have brought me to prison too, if this fellow showed them. For I said that I, Dorothy Forster, sister of General Forster, then in Newgate Gaol, solemnly pledged myself to give one Jonas, warden or turnkey in the said gaol, the sum of four hundred and fifty guineas sterling as soon as the said General Forster was out of the gaol.

Next I sought my friend Purdy, the blacksmith, where I lodged, and told him that I wanted his services, but secretly, and without a word said to his wife, or his prentices, or any living soul. He swore very readily to the greatest silence on the matter. Then I asked him whether, in case I put into his hand an impression in wax of a key, he would make me its counterpart in iron. He smiled, guessing very easily what I designed, and said that such an imitation was a thing belonging to his trade, and that he would undertake to make me such a key in a very little while, and nobody to guess or suspect a word of the matter.

I lost no time at all, but went back to

the prison, found the worthy Mr. Jonas, who was waiting for me, and gave him the earnest-money which he asked—namely, fifty guineas in a purse.

'So,' he said, 'this is business. And what next can I do to please your ladyship?'

I told him that I wanted an impression in wax of the master-key, which for the moment was all I would ask of him. This he made for me, and gave me very readily, only imploring that, should the possession of this be discovered, or the plot be prevented by any untoward misfortune, it should never be divulged how I got the key. And again he threatened, if the money was not paid after Mr. Forster's escape, to put my paper in the hands of a justice, by which he said, I know not how truthfully, he could ensure my being put to death with all the barbarities proper for the crime.

In this simple method, without troubling Mr. Hilyard to complete his grand plot, and without any regard to what he called the dramatic situation, I obtained that most invaluable aid to an escape, a master-key.

Now, it was hard to keep my counsel during

this time, for on the one hand I had to restrain the impatience of Mr. Hilyard, who would still be urging me to let him follow up the overtures he had made to Mr. Pitts, who indeed expected it, for his own part, and, the sum of £10,000 having been mentioned between them, began to throw out hints not only to Mr. Hilyard but to myself, so that I was obliged to let him be plainly told that for the present at least nothing could be done. When I consider the number of escapes that were made from Newgate, I am amazed that the man and his wardens and assistants were not brought to justice. Perhaps, however, the Ministry were not unwilling that the prisoners should escape. Lady Cowper told me, after all was done, that she had a strange offer before they were all brought up to London—that General Forster should be allowed to escape, if she pleased, upon the road. It came to her from Baron Bernstoft, through Mademoiselle Schutz, his niece. She told me further that at the time she was concerned chiefly about Mr. Clavering and his son, so that she did not heed the offer. But this explained why

at the first she spoke so much about neglecting the chances of getting off while on the road. It rejoices me to think that so many brave fellows got clean away, but surely a generous King would have given them their pardon rather than suffer them to get off by this ignominious way of bribing a jailer.

But while the greedy Mr. Pitts (who I suppose prays for such another rebellion every day) looked for no less a sum than £10,000, he knew not that his turnkey had been beforehand with him, and his most important prisoner was on the point of escaping and he never a penny the richer. It gives me the greatest satisfaction to think how this great rogue was outwitted, and of his discomfiture and rage when he found the bird was flown. I would have cheated the turnkey as well, but could not, having pledged my word.

It was not until the morning of March the 6th, ten days after my lord was butchered, that Mr. Hilyard reported to me first that our skipper was now in London, having left his vessel off the coast at Leigh; next, that he had bought four strong and capable saddle-

horses, which were now standing in the stables of the Salutation Tavern, Newgate Street, and could be saddled in readiness for any time.

'And now,' he said, 'for Heaven's sake, Miss Dorothy, delay no longer. Let me see Mr. Pitts and close with him this very day.'

'To-morrow you shall,' I replied, 'unless—— but first, oh! my only friend! first, I pray thee, do exactly as I bid for this day. To-morrow, if I fail, which kind Heaven forbid, you shall have your turn.'

He begged me to give him his instructions.

I told him, first, that the day was actually come, and my own preparations made; that nothing could be done until after dark, nor then until such time as the streets were clear of people; that in my judgment it would be at some time between nine in the evening and midnight that we should want the horses. Therefore that the skipper should have them saddled in readiness, and should wait in the stables from eight o'clock or so until we came for him, and for the love of the Lord not to get drunk.

Mr. Hilyard opened his eyes very wide at this, as you may believe, and looked grave, but forbore to speak, except to promise that he would most faithfully and strictly carry out my instructions, and so departed, leaving me anxious indeed, but now hopeful.

What I had was a master-key; what I wanted was the opportunity of using it without being observed. That chance must be sought after dark, and pretty late, when prisoners are all locked up and turnkeys and wardens off guard.

Then I went back to the prison, where I found Tom sitting in his chamber, but not alone. Alas! how different was the behaviour of the prisoners in Newgate from that of my lord in the Tower! There was dignity, with the virtues of repentance, faith, and charity. Here there was constant drinking, with the smoking of tobacco, and everlasting railing, quarrelling, and disputing, one prisoner with another. But I will speak no more of the Press Yard and its horrid sights.

There was a custom of visiting the prisoners, bringing them presents of wine, spirits, tobacco, meat, and so forth; and, as regards the better

sort, talking with them, many gentlemen finding it a curious entertainment to pass the afternoon conversing with a man who would probably in a few weeks have his head and limbs plastered with pitch and stuck upon Temple Bar ; it was interesting, no doubt, to think that the man who sat with them was also going to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. As for themselves, they were honest Jacobites all, who were yet in no mood for undergoing that penalty ; they were quite ready to sing loyal songs in a tavern, applaud loyal lines in a theatre, drink loyal toasts, frequent loyal coffee-houses, and, in fact, give the Prince every support short of fighting. With Tom there were sitting three of these gentlemen, not prisoners, though for the principles they professed, and the encouragement they had always given to the fighting men of the cause, they ought all to have been under lock and key if there were any justice in the world (but of that there seems mighty little). As for Tom himself, it was pitiful to see a man so pulled down by confinement, and trouble, and want of exercise ; for his ruddy cheeks were pale and flabby ; his once fresh bright

eye was yellow; his hands shook, and so did his lip, and his eyes were full of anxiety. He sat in the midst of his comforters as Job sat in the midst of Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar. And, like these three sons of Consolation, who showed their friendliness by girding at the patriarch and imputing unto him secret sins, so did these three worthy gentlemen, each with a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, and happy in the consciousness that his own neck stood in little fear of being stretched, deliver their minds at large on the mistakes made by the English forces in the campaign (which, to be sure, was an easy thing to do), and discoursed freely (which was not a kind thing to do towards a gentleman in Tom's position) on the executions at Liverpool and Preston, the bloodthirsty temper of the Government, the miserable outlook of the unfortunate prisoners, and the cruelty and barbarity of the punishment inflicted. Lord Wintoun's case, they said, would occupy the Earls for some weeks yet, after which, no doubt, Tom would be put upon his trial. Then they began to advise, all with contrary opinions, what kind of defence he should set up. Defence there was

none, because, first of all, Tom was, more than any of the others, except Colonel Oxbrough and Captain Gascoigne, involved in the designs hatched in London (which, if they had been carried out, would have set all England in a flame); next, he had been the first to proclaim the Prince; and then he had actually been General of the English Forces. What could he plead in extenuation of these crimes?

'Gentlemen,' I said presently, because it seemed to me as if they were about to argue the case and conduct the whole trial to its gloomy end, which would take all the day—'Gentlemen, let me say that my brother's case will not be bettered by our talking about it beforehand. If on reflection you have any counsel which may serve us in this juncture, pray bestow it upon us, but 'tis idle to advise with a man upon trial for his life unless you have something that may help. So, if you please, gentlemen, and as my brother hath important affairs with me this day, I will ask you to leave him now and kindly come again to-morrow.'

'Nay,' protested Tom—being, like most

men, dull at seeing more than plain words mean—'nay, my affairs may wait a day, Dorothy. Wherefore, let us send for a tankard and——'

'By your leave, brother,' I said, 'I have letters from the north which may not be delayed.'

I spoke so earnestly that the three gentlemen rose, and, with many promises to come again soon and comfort the prisoner, retired.

'Now, Dorothy,' cried Tom testily, 'what the devil is this wonderful business? Cannot a man have a single half-hour with his friends?'

'Friends! Yes, Tom, they are valuable and worthy friends, indeed, who egg on their companions to peril their lives and sit down themselves. I warrant you they drink the Prince's health every day. Oh, Tom! what said my father? That he gets best out of the fray who goes in last. What said my lady? Nay, I reproach you not, Tom. You shall never say that I reproached you. But —friends you call them? Cowardly betrayers of brave men, I call them. Colonel Oxbrough, at least, and Captain Gascoigne cast in their

lot with us, even though they deceived us all. But this coffee-house loyalty! Why, they would like nothing better than to sit together of an evening, and tell how they went to see you hanged, drawn, and quartered, and how you looked the while. And, oh! the pity of it! And what a gallant fellow was there! And so another pipe.'

'Why, Dorothy,' said Tom—but he shivered at mention of the word 'hanging'—'what ails the lass to-day? Your colour comes and goes, and why are you crying?'

'I am crying, Tom,' I said, because, in truth, there were tears and catchings of the breath, those outward signs of woman's weakness and her agitation—'I am crying, Tom, because I think that you have done with such false friends for ever.'

'Devil take me,' he said, dropping into his chair, 'if I know what she means!'

'You shall soon know.' With this I lugged out my key. 'This, Tom,' I whispered, 'is nothing less than the master-key. With this in your hand you can walk out whenever you please, that is, whenever you are not likely to be seen and followed.'

He took the key from me, and looked at it as one might look at a strange monster.

'The master-key,' he murmured. 'Why, then—I may cheat the gibbet yet.'

'Oh! Tom,' I seized him by the hand, 'if ever there was an occasion for prudence, it is this. Keep sober this evening if ever you want to drink again. Your chance, very likely your only chance, is to-night.'

I then told him that I had secured him a passage by an unsuspected ship; that we had got horses ready, which should be waiting at the stables of the Salutation Tavern, a short distance from the prison, that night; that I would be either outside the prison-gates or with the horses.

'Dorothy,' he cried, changing countenance, 'is this thine own doing, child?'

He took me in his arms and kissed me, shedding tears, and declaring that he was not worth the trouble that he caused the best of sisters, as he chose to call me. But I would have no time wasted in such tenderness.

'Think, Tom,' I said; 'you have to make your opportunity. Will you wait until the Governor is abed and asleep?'

'Nay,' he said, 'there is also his man sits within the door all night. There must be another way.'

I had not thought of the Governor's man. Yet I ought to have known that the Governor would not be left alone in his own house. Here was another and an unforeseen difficulty.

'It is the fellow they call Jonas,' said Tom.

'Jonas?' I asked. 'Then we shall have no trouble with him.'

So I told Tom all, and how I had got the key.

'Come,' he said, 'I think I see a way, but we must tell my man, Thomas Lee. Thy brother, Dorothy, hath been truly a great fool: but he has some mother-wit left.'

So we talked very earnestly for half an hour; and when I went out I found Jonas in the lobby, and told him what he was to do if necessary. Then, all being arranged, I came away.

He who hath never contrived a plot cannot know the difficulties of carrying it through. It was to be, first of all, my own design, confided to none but Tom, and to him only

at the last moment; to Mr. Hilyard, and to him only in part: yet there were besides, the captain, the turnkey, my brother's servant Tom Lee, and the blacksmith who made the key. Any one of these was enough to spoil all. Truly, those who deal in conspiracies must go for ever in fear and trembling, every man concerned knowing that he can purchase a pardon by revealing the names of his associates.

In early March the days begin to lengthen. The sun is twelve hours in the sky. We should have six hours at least of darkness before us, supposing that it was eleven of the clock before Tom found his way out. There was nothing meantime that I could do.

Then I sat down in my lodging and endeavoured to pass the time chiefly in prayer, but who can pray except in ejaculations at such a juncture? This night would Tom be in safety, or else—presently the gibbet, and his head on Temple Bar. Surely, I thought, there must be some doom upon the Forsters, so many misfortunes having happened to them; out of nine children not one left living, though

the eldest would not now be more than fifty-five ; the great Bamborough inheritance lost and sold ; the heir now lying (like to be hanged) in Newgate, and his sister hoping only to secure his life by a timely flight.

Oh ! long and weary hours, when one is waiting to learn the issue ! My landlady, a good soul, though a Nonconformist and a Whig, came to ask what she could do for me. I told her a falsehood ; I said that I was going to my Lady Cowper, and should perhaps remain with her for the night. So she left me. Presently, because if one waits long enough, such a thing is sure to come at last, the night fell.

At seven, Mr. Hilyard came. He said the horses would be saddled and kept in readiness, the skipper being already in the place, and under promise to keep sober, while to disarm suspicion he had been himself cursing all gentlemen who sit late over their bottle, when they should be up and on their way.

At eight, because I could no longer endure the waiting and suspense, I dressed, putting on my warm hood and gloves and having

in my pocket my money, *viddicet*, a hundred guineas, of which fifty were for the captain and fifty for Tom, to serve his needs until we could send him more. Mr. Hilyard had girded on a sword (he was mighty martial since the affair at Preston), and told me he had placed two loaded pistols in his saddle. He carried a roquelaire, and wore a short riding wig, in place of his own full-bottomed perruque, and great boots. He also carried a huge bludgeon for the admonition of Mohocks and street-scourers.

Thus equipped, we sallied forth, the time being about half-past eight, the night clear and bright. We avoided the great broad field named after Lincoln's Inn, because of the highwaymen and thieves who abound there, but by way of Little Queen Street emerged into the broad highway called Holborn, where there are continually until a late hour passengers and carriages of all kinds. It is not a street of good repute after dark, being frequented by the lawyers and wild students of Gray's Inn, Barnard's Inn, Staple Inn, and Furnival's Inn, besides on both sides having streets into which an honest man

may not venture, even by day, to say nothing of the night. The road ends in a steep descent, called Snow Hill, on the south side of which is the famous Fleet Market, and on the north, as Mr. Hilyard told me, Chick Lane, Cow Lane, and other evil places where the footpad and pickpocket lurk and live between their floggings, and until they meet their allotted end at Tyburn. At the bottom of the hill you come to the prison, and the old gate standing across the street. I know not which looked more gloomy in the moonlight —the black stone prison in which so many brave fellows lay waiting for their doom, or the dark City gate, beyond which lay the way of our safety.

Opposite the prison, where the street narrows, is a row of stalls, used by day for the sale of fish, fruit, and meat, but at night left bare ; a row of bulkheads on which, I believe, in summer poor houseless wretches, of whom there are so many in this great city, pass their nights. But on this cold winter evening they were quite deserted. The moon shone full upon the prison side of the street, leaving this in darkness.

Mr. Hilyard led me into this dark side, behind the stalls, so that we could see, without being seen, what went on in the street.

Nine o'clock struck from St. Sepulchre's Church—that church which rings the knell for the departing souls of those who are on their way to be hanged. The night was so cold that there were few in the streets, and at nine it is late for honest folk, though early for revellers. To me, standing hidden in the dark, the figures of those who passed were like the figures that are seen in a dream. I remember them all to this day—the sturdy citizen in broadcloth, carrying his trusty staff; the drunken fellow, who reeled from post to post, shouting a song; the young woman in a domino and a gaudy dress; the old constable, with his lantern and his staff; the wretched starving children who crept in and out among the bulkheads looking for something to eat—I remember every one.

Mr. Hilyard stood beside me, patient and silent. It was not till after all was finished and done that I understood the extraordinary faithfulness and loyalty of this man, who had not hesitated first to hazard his life for a cause

which he loved not, or an enterprise which he knew from the beginning would be a failure, in gratitude to his patron, whose favours he had already repaid tenfold by services such as are rendered by few—else were this world made too happy. Then, when he escaped, he did not fear to hazard his life a second time, and that daily, by going to a place more fatal to rebels than Preston itself had proved, and that in the most frightful weather, and encumbered by a helpless woman. I say that I was so selfish as to accept these things as my just due, and only what one had a right to look for, and as if all these services were to be given without a murmur, and with a cheerful heart.

The clock struck the quarters—one, two, three, four. It was ten, and no sign yet from the door of the Governor's house.

What happened within was as follows. When I left him, Tom called for his servant, and they took counsel together. Now, it was Tom's hospitable practice to desire the company of any gentlemen within reach over his bottle of an evening. Therefore, his room was nearly every night filled with guests from

the prison, who drank around, and fought their unlucky campaign over again. The ordinary of Newgate was generally one of them; the Governor of the prison, Mr. Pitts, another; and one or two of the prisoners who occupied, with Tom, the Governor's room, also sat with him. This evening Mr. Pitts came, according to custom, and Sir Francis Anderton (a gentleman from Lancashire, who had the bad luck to join at Preston the day before the fight). Fortunately there were no others. Tom had arranged with his servant, Thomas Lee, that he was to be drinking downstairs with Mr. Pitts' man, Jonas, and any others, but that he should contrive to be left the last with Jonas; and, when they were alone, he was to invent some way in which it should seem as if he had forcibly silenced the fellow. (I believe he was to knock him on the head, if necessary; but Jonas needed no such extremity of persuasion.) Then he was to run upstairs and let his master know that the coast was clear. Like master, like man. While they drank port upstairs, downstairs they drank beer. Below they drank so much, and they talked so long, that it was eleven

o'clock before they separated. Then Thomas Lee was left alone with Jonas.

'Come, lad,' said he, 'let's have another pot. Go draw it.'

The fellow (this being the plan agreed upon) took the jug and went to the cellar-door, which, as soon as he reached, Lee shut upon him (as had also been agreed between them), knocking him down the cellar steps (which was not in the agreement). This done, and Jonas sprawling on the floor below, Tom Lee made the door fast with a peg above the latch.

Then he went softly up the stairs to his master's room, and opening the door, peeped in. Sir Francis was talking at a great rate, being somewhat disguised in wine; Mr Forster was sitting opposite to him, and in a chair beside the door sat Mr. Pitts, the Governor. But his face was purple with much wine, and his eyes were heavy and stupid.

'Sir,' said Tom, seeing the servant at the door, 'another glass; a bumper. Why, the night is young, and we have another bottle at least to finish.' So he poured out a brimming one, and gave it to Mr. Pitts; and because

the Governor's hand was too unsteady to carry the glass. Tom kindly lifted it to his lips. Mr. Pitts drained it greedily; his head fell back, his eyes closed and his mouth open. Mr. Pitts was as drunk as any gentleman can desire to be.

'I am going to escape, Sir Francis,' said Tom calmly; 'the way is clear. Will you join company?'

'Not I, General,' said Sir Francis. 'I prefer to stay where I am until they let me go. I doubt whether running away will serve me so well as keeping still. Hang me they will not. Of that I have assurance. And I would save my estate if I could. But if I were you, I would go, and that as quickly as maybe.'

It was about half-past eleven when, to my unspeakable joy, the door opened, and I saw Tom and the servant Lee standing in the moonlight. There was not another person in the Old Bailey. I rushed across and dragged him by the arm. 'Come, Tom! hasten!' I cried. 'Oh! quick—quick!'

'By your leave, sir,' said Lee. 'If we lock the door from the outside, and leave the key in the lock, they will not be able to open it

from within.' And this he did. Then we walked quickly away, my own heart beating. By good luck we met no one in Newgate Street, though if we had I suppose there would have been no notice taken of us. The stable-yard of the Salutation Tavern was full of men, who were loading and unloading waggons, late as it was; but this was better for us, because it enabled our horses to be brought out without attracting notice. Here I must not forget one thing. The night was very cold. Tom was dressed in his ordinary grey cloth coat. Mr. Hilyard took off his roquelaire and threw it over his shoulders, saying:

'This I brought for your honour to wear,' and so went cold himself all that night.

You may be sure we lost no time in mounting, and rode off through the quiet streets, where the echo of our horses' feet seemed to me like the ringing of alarm-bells. There were plenty of people still in Cheapside, the London citizens caring little about late hours; they passed along the street behind the posts, but paid no heed to the party who rode so late. I suppose it is not much more than

half a mile from Newgate Street to Aldgate; but to me it seemed ten miles, so slowly did the time pass; and Mr. Hilyard whispering continually:

'Go easy, sir; seem not to be in haste; in a few minutes we shall be beyond the streets and in the open. Make no sign of haste.'

Tom rode in the middle, his roquelaire wrapped round him hiding his face; I on his right, in hood and cloak; Mr. Hilyard on his left, and, behind, our friend the skipper and the man Thomas Lee.

'Why,' said Tom, when at last we were in the open road, with fields on either side, and the stars above our heads were clear and bright—'why, I believe we may give them the slip yet—what say you, Tony?'

'I say, sir,' replied Mr. Hilyard, 'that if your honour doth not get off it will be by some vile accident. But if you do, you must thank Miss Dorothy for it, and no one else, except Lord Crewe, who gave us the money.'

This was the night of the 6th of March, and will never be forgotten, because it was the night of that dreadful appearance in the heavens, which frighted the whole of England,

and none I think more than the party who were riding as quickly as they could along the road which leads from London to Leigh, through Tilbury. It appeared in the north, and was at first like a black cloud, from which there presently began to dart streaks or arrows of red, blue, or pale fire. This dreadful spectacle lasted the whole night through, but sometimes more terrible for awhile, and then growing low as a fire which spends itself. Then it would light up again with flames of all colours most frightful to see. As we rode through the villages the people were all out in the roads dressed, and crying, weeping, wringing their hands, or praying; in more than one the clergyman was exhorting the people to instant repentance and preparation for death; many I heard afterwards were frightened into fits, and children were born before their time in consequence of the universal terror, for none would believe but that they were gazing upon the flames of hell, and that the end of the world was come.

'This cannot fail,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'to be a mark of Heaven's displeasure, did we only know at what. For it may be that the Lord

is angry at the recent rebellion, or because it failed; or at the execution of the two lords, which seems probable; or at the accession of King George—and yet he is a Protestant; or at the flight of the Prince—but he is a Papist. If one could certainly tell what was intended by this apparition, one might move all hearts to do the will of the Lord. But as in oracles there is doubt, and in the interpretation of the Word there is disagreement, so in such matters as this appearance in the skies (which is indeed terrifying), and in comets, shooting stars, meteors, and flaming swords in the heavens, while we can have no doubt that they are intended by way of warning and admonition to us all, I think that we must each read and interpret the message for ourselves.'

'Is it, Tony,' asked Tom, 'the end of the world? To be sure one would rather meet that awful event in the open, than in the Governor's House tippling with Mr. Pitts.'

'I think not,' replied Mr. Hilyard, 'that it is yet the end of the world, many prophecies remaining to be fulfilled.' I confess I felt relief at this assurance. 'Besides, we must

remember that it is not the first time by a great many that strange appearances have been permitted in the heavens.' He then began to while away the time, we now proceeding at a steady trot along the deserted roads, by recalling some of the well-known miraculous signs, as Constantine's cross, the fiery dragon of Staffordshire, the double sun of Chatham, and so forth; by means of which, if he did not altogether allay our fears, he distracted our thoughts, and in this way we arrived at the coast and little village of Leigh. It is thirty-nine miles from London, but no large places on the road except Barking, and, not to speak of the villagers whom we found frightened in the streets, we met no one all the way from Bow, and drew rein somewhere about four o'clock in the morning, having ridden the distance in five hours, the roads good and hard, and the night fine (except for that dreadful phenomenon in the north). Thus far, then, had we succeeded almost beyond our hopes. At low tide the water runs out very far at Leigh, and leaves a long bank of mud; but now the tide was very high, and a fair wind from the north-west, and though

the moon was long since gone down, there was plenty of light from the terrible fire in the north.

Half a dozen vessels lay off the coast, looking black against the sky. Our skipper pointed to one at whose bows there hung two lights.

'It is the vessel,' he said. 'There is my ship.'

There followed great whistling and shouting of 'Ship ahoy!' and presently a little boat came rowing from her with one man aboard, who pulled ashore.

'Now, sir,' said our captain.

'The bargain stands,' said Mr. Hilyard, before the money was handed over.

'Ay, ay—the bargain is right enough if the guineas are ready.'

'Here they are, then.' Mr. Hilyard gave him the bag with the fifty guineas in it. He opened it, looked at the contents, and put it in his pocket without counting. 'Good,' he said. 'Now, sir, if your honour is to get aboard, the sooner the better. The tide is on the ebb, and a fairer wind couldn't be. If it holds we shall be in Calais Harbour in eight hours.'

'Dorothy,' said Tom, 'kiss me, my dear. I shall come back soon—with the Prince. Take care of her, Tony. Why, the good days shall come back again. Many a bottle shall we crack together yet; many a song you shall sing for us. Farewell—oh! Dorothy, think not I am ungrateful because I say little. There is not another woman in the world who would do so much for her brother, I think. Thy hand again, Tony. Take care of her, I say.'

And with that he stepped into the boat with his man, and they were gone. We stood upon the shore and watched. Presently we heard a yo-hoing—they were hauling up the anchor; then the ship began to drift slowly into the mid channel; the sails were set, and filled out in the breeze; the vessel slipped out of our sight and was gone.

I fell upon my knees, while Mr. Hilyard, taking off his hat, solemnly thanked God. Behind us, as we offered this humble service of gratitude and praise, the awful fire in the northern sky darted its arrows of fire like lightnings to and fro. Then, without halting, we mounted again and rode back together,

leaving the other three horses to stray where they listed. Our work was almost done. There remained one thing more—to put the messengers on a false scent in case of the vessel being delayed off the Nore by a contrary wind. 'For,' said Mr. Hilyard, 'this wind may drop or chop round: any such accident may happen. His honour is not safe until he is on French soil. Let us, therefore, go seek the villain at Wapping, who looks to receive the reward and then to betray us.'

At Barking I was fain to cry a halt, and must needs rest. It was then past six o'clock, and already daylight. I was in those days as strong as most young women, but a whole night in the saddle, after the weariness and anxiety of the day, was sufficient excuse for anyone to be tired.

After two or three hours' rest I was able to ride on to Wapping. We found the fellow we were in search of, and deceived him with the expectation of taking Mr. Forster, whose name we gave him, on board the next day. So successful was this deception, and so correct was Mr. Hilyard's estimate of the man, that on his information messengers were sent to

Wapping to lie in wait for the escaped prisoner, for whose capture they offered a thousand pounds. But before a week passed we had a letter from Tom. He was safe in France, and proposed to go to Bar-le-Duc, where the Prince was holding his Court.

Thus was I suffered, by the mercy of Heaven, to save my brother's life. 'Child,' said Lady Cowper, 'be assured that we all rejoice. Your brother could not be pardoned. If any were to suffer, needs must that the General be one. Lucky he is in having such a sister. I have told the Princess whose wit it was that set the bird free, and she laughed. As for yourself, rest easy, my dear. There will no harm happen to thee.'

CHAPTER XL.

THE END.

So all was done, and Tom was saved. The fate of poor mad Jack Hall and the Reverend Mr. Paul, not to speak of Colonel Oxbrough and Captain Gascoigne, sufficiently proved what *his* end would have been had we failed to effect his rescue. As regards the rest of the English gentlemen condemned (I say nothing about those of Scotland), all those who were brought to London escaped the hangman. Some, among whom were Mr. Gibson of Stonecroft, and my old lover, Ned Swinburne—poor boy!—died in Newgate; others obtained a pardon. Among these were Perry Widdrington, Mr. Standish, and Mr. Errington, of my own friends. Others escaped, among whom especially was Charles Radcliffe. But those who were pardoned and those who

escaped live in poverty, having been mostly stripped of their estates; so that the end of this most unhappy enterprise hath been to deprive the Prince of all his best friends in that part of England where formerly he was most powerful. It is true that we are still, and always shall be, loyal; but when this Prince comes again, of which I hear nothing of late, where will be the leaders? Dilston lies neglected, falling into ruin; the Countess is dead; her son is dead; Charles Radcliffe, to whom it now belongs, is in exile. Lord Widdrington is living, but he is now grown old, and his estates and rank have been taken from him. Far better had they all, as Lady Crewe counselled, sat down in peace until the nation should call the Prince to his own again. This Mr. Hilyard thinks will certainly be done if the young man, now eighteen years old in this year of grace seventeen hundred and thirty-nine, consents to become a Protestant. But a Papist King this country, he says, will never endure, nor look to preserve the Church by a Catholic Head. As well expect the Church and our Protestant liberties to be preserved if the Archbishop of Canter-

bury were a Cardinal, and his brother bishops Grand Inquisitors, Papal Nuncios, and Italian priests!

It remains to tell of our return journey. We came to London in disguise, but we went home openly. We came in sadness and fearful expectation, through snow and ice, beaten by the fierce blast from the north, as by the breath of the Lord's displeasure. We went back again through the soft sunshine and the gentle rains of April, the flowers springing under our feet, the tender leaves opening, the birds singing in every bosky grove, the little lambs dancing in the meadows. My heart, which can never again be merry for thinking of that noble head laid low on Tower Hill, was, at least, full of gratitude, because Tom was safe across the seas.

After some days of riding we came to Stone, where I proposed to give Lord Crewe an account of my stewardship. The sunshine of spring had warmed the old man's heart. He was walking, when we arrived, on his terrace, leaning on the arm of his chaplain. He laughed when he saw me, striking the ground with his stick.

'Ho! ho! It is fair Dorothy,' he cried; 'Dorothy, who breaks prison-bars and picks the locks, and sets the prisoners free! Come, kiss me, child! I have heard, and I rejoice. Tom was a fool; but we, who have the misfortune to own fools in the family, love not that they should be hanged for their folly. Why, thou art looking ten years younger—more like my own Dorothy, poor creature! when I married her. Stay with me awhile, child. Let thy sweet looks comfort my old heart, which is lonely. David in his age was permitted to find comfort in Abigail. Stay awhile and rest. And you, Sir Terræ Filius—ah, villain!—shall stay too, to tell me of all that hath chanced.'

We stayed with the good Bishop for six weeks. Every day, at dinner, Mr. Hilyard related something new concerning the Rebellion, its progress, and its downfall. Also he had much to say concerning London and the coffee-house loyalists and the mob. In the evening I played music to his lordship, or listened to his grave and learned talk. There was no need to hurry northwards, where cold cheer, indeed, awaited us. When the time

came that we should go on our way, my lord held with me a long and earnest discourse. First, he asked if I wished to return to my father's house, or would continue at the Manor House. I told him that as I had lived for many years in my grandfather's house, there would I wish still to live, and to sit in the chancel, and think myself one of the Bamborough Forsters; and that out of no disrespect for my father, but only because of her ladyship's affection and kindness, and because Tom loved Bamborough better than Etherston, and, lastly, because I could not live happily, being now a woman past five-and-twenty years, and no mere child to be rebuked by madam, my father's wife.

Thereupon the Bishop sat gravely thinking for awhile, and presently said that he should give orders for the house to be maintained for me, with a sufficient yearly sum of money, as long as I lived, or remained single; and if I married, then it would be his pleasure to provide for me an honourable marriage-portion, in memory and for the sake of his dear wife, who, had she lived, would have done as much, or more, for me, being, as had

been abundantly proved, always most tender for her own family, and also in token of his own admiration for what he was pleased to call my courage and resolution in the conduct of Tom's escape, concerning which he every day spoke as if it was some wonderful thing I had done, whereas, had it not been for the use of his money, and for Mr. Hilyard's zeal, and Purdy the blacksmith, I could have effected nothing. It pleased the Bishop, also, though he was so rich a man, that the escape had cost him so little.

Well, I thanked his lordship in words as respectful and as grateful as I could command, and told him that, as for a marriage-portion, I desired none, because it was my resolution never to marry, but to live a single life.

'That,' said the Bishop, 'is easy to say, but hard to do. Nevertheless, whether thou marry or do not marry—but upon this head see what Paul hath written clearly. Why, child, is no man to be made happy by thy beauty?'

'Because, my lord,' I said, 'I was once honoured by the love of the most noble heart in all the world. I could not marry him, and

he is now dead ; but beside his memory all other men look small.'

To this he made no reply for awhile ; but presently he said, looking upon me tenderly :

'Nay, if the memory of a dead man be of such force—but remember, child, he was not thy husband, nor could ever be. Think of him if thou wilt, but—well, I doubt not of thy piety.'

He then informed me that had things gone otherwise, it was his intention to settle all the Bamborough estates upon his wife for her life-time, and after death upon Tom and his heirs, but entailed, so that he could not part with any ; that now, however, it was useless to bequeath anything to an outlaw ; besides, he could not forgive Tom, first, for meddling with conspirators, he being a simple country gentleman ; next, for rashly taking up arms without the least provision of money, war materials, or men ; thirdly, for the lame and miserable conclusion of the enterprise ; and, lastly, for the anxiety and trouble all this business had caused to his wife, whereof she fell ill and died.

'He hath made his bed,' said the Bishop,

'Let him lie upon it. "It is as sport," said the wise man, yea, "as sport to a fool to do mischief; but a man of understanding hath wisdom."'

Next, he told me that he had considered the case of Mr. Hilyard.

'He is,' said my lord, 'a man of singular honesty, fidelity, and affection. I have learned that he served Tom for many years for no reward, giving up the yearly wage promised him rather than deprive his patron of certain pleasures. I might continue him as steward of the estate; but I am old, and may expect my departure any day. Therefore, I am resolved upon ordaining him; and, if I live long enough, and he prove worthy, I will advance him to preferment. Would that all my clergy were as learned and as pious as this man of parts and wit, this Terræ Filius whom they expelled from my own college!'

Indeed, during our stay at Stene, Mr. Hilyard, by the stories which he told, the learning he displayed, and that admirable quality of his which enabled him to adapt his conversation to the taste and opinions of his company,

made the Bishop think so favourably of him that the very next year, when he was advanced from deacon's to priest's orders, he made him a canon of Durham, which dignified position Mr. Hilyard still occupies, an ornament and pillar to the Church. He sings no more, except anthems, several of which, very stately and moving, he hath composed for the quire of the Cathedral ; nor does he laugh any more, or play antic tricks, being now, indeed, fully possessed with the gravity and dignity of his sacred office ; and, besides, he is now past fifty years of age.

He spends most of his time in Bamborough, so as to be near me, knowing how great a solace to me is his company. We walk together upon the sands, or we wander together, as in the old days, among the ruins of our brave old castle. We talk of the time when I was a little girl and Tom a brave and gallant youth, leaping across the rocks of Farne. The sea breaks upon those lonely rocks, and the wild-fowl scream; but Tom lies dead in the Bamborough vault. Last year I made a boatman take me across, and sat within the broken walls of St. Cuth-

bert's Chapel a whole summer's morning through, thinking of the past.

So here have I lived since May, 1716, retired, but not lonely. My father is dead, and madam, and her son Ralph, my half-brother; and my brother John now reigns at Etherston. He is not yet married; and, if he hath no children, there will soon be no Forsters at Etherston any more than at Bamborough. The friends of my youth are scattered or dead; the old noisy life, with the holloas of the foxhunters and the merry laugh of the lads going out on horseback, has gone far away from this quiet place; but the castle remains, and within its crumbling walls I can walk alone and meditate, whether in the calm days when the sunshine lies upon the quiet sea, or when the waves dash along the coast, and the spray flies from the rocks into my face. In the evening Mr. Hilyard is often my companion, and we read, converse, and have sweet music together. I hear nothing more of any plots, and I ask no longer concerning the voice of the country as regards the Prince. Yet from long habit, and because he is our lawful Sovereign, I drink daily, as

in duty bound, a glass of wine to the health of King James.

A strange thing I learned lately through Mr. Hilyard, who came upon a camp of gipsies, and conversed with them. It was of Jenny Lee. After the death of Frank, he told me, Jenny became careless of her acting, and took no more delight in the theatre; and one day she sold all her jewels and the fine presents her friends and suitors had given her, and so went back to her own people, preferring to wander with them, and dwell in tents and under carts, rather than live any more in towns. Thus broke out the wild gipsy blood; and now she sits among the wise women, wiser herself than any, and tells fortunes, reads hands, and practises sorcery. A strange creature, truly. Can there be born men and women without souls?

But I have never seen her, nor hath Mr. Hilyard, since Frank Radcliffe's death, and I do not think she will come to our part of the country.

Once Mr. Hilyard asked me if I remained still of the same mind as to marriage. I knew what he meant, and am deeply grateful to him

for all that he hath done for me, therefore I hastened to assure him of my constant and sincere respect and affection for him; but, as regards the subject of marriage, my mind was the same, and I asked of Heaven nothing more than a continuance of his company, his prayers, and his pious counsels until the end, which will not be long, perhaps, for the Forsters do never live, any of them, like many of this county, to eighty or a hundred years. He accepted my answer, and we have spoken of the subject no more; but he continueth, as always, my most faithful and loving friend.

FINIS.

* * * * *

POSTSCRIPTUM.

(WRITTEN BY THE REVEREND ANTONY HILYARD, CANON OF DURHAM.)

On the evening of February 24th in this year, seventeen hundred and thirty-nine, there died the sweetest, the most virtuous, and the most pious of all Christian women, namely, my friend and mistress, Dorothy Forster, somewhere about the fiftieth year of her age. She had been growing thin and somewhat ailing for many months since she heard the news of her brother's death in France, for she always longed and prayed that he might return; and, when we buried his body in the church, she said, speaking in prophecy, that she should soon follow him. The winter set in early, and was colder than is common with us. This made her cough troublesome; but yet I hoped that she would prove strong enough

to throw it off. On the Sunday before she died we walked to church together, though she should properly have stayed within her house by the fireside; but it was Communion day, and she wished to join in that solemn rite. The church was cold, and I suppose it struck a chill to her, for she took to her bed in the afternoon; and although at first we thought light of it, she never got up again.

All the morning of her last day I sat at her bedside, reading to her first the Office of the Sick; next, at her desire, that chapter of Corinthians which is ordered for the funeral service, and afterwards I expounded to her, with such earnestness as I could, some of the reasons for our faith, and quoted for her solace certain thoughts of our Divines upon the happiness of those who die penitent, forgiven, and fortified by the last offices of the Church.

About two of the clock she fell into a gentle slumber, and I left her for awhile, thinking that she would awake stronger. But at three or thereabouts I was called by her maid to come quickly, for her mistress was dying.

Alas! she was, yet not so quickly but that I had time to administer the Holy Sacra-

ment to her, and to receive her parting commands.

'This is the day,' she said, 'twenty-six years ago, that Lord Derwentwater suffered. It is strangely ordered that I should also die on this day. Perhaps before the sun goes down I may be standing beside him.'

'It is a sure mark,' I told her, 'that Heaven approves the sweet remembrance and kindly affection which you ever entertained towards his lordship.'

'Why,' she said, in her simple way, 'did he not once love me? Could I ever forget so great an honour? Dear friend, do one thing more to pleasure me, you who have done so much. It will be the last time that I shall trouble you to do anything more for me.'

Would to God that I could have done a thousand!

'When I am dead, take from my finger this ring, which I wear night and day. He bade the Countess give it me. Then look in my desk, and you will find the verses he once wrote to me. Wrap both ring and verses together, and lay them on my heart when I

am in my coffin. Farewell, dear, kind, and true friend.'

So she died, and with her died all my joy, or most of it, because a man should be so far resigned to Heaven's will as still to find pleasure in the noble wines of France and Spain, and the many other excellent gifts which have been vouchsafed for our use. 'Twere sinful not to partake of them; but the gentle companion, the pious, sincere soul, whose presence always uplifted my heart and banished thoughts sordid, mean, and impure, as the presence of an angel maketh devils to flee—she is gone! Alas! How can one be worthy to follow after her, and sit with her where she sits in the calm and happy bliss which awaits such as her? I buried with her the verses and the ring. But as regards the former I had many compunctions, and hope that the sin of deceit will not be laid to my charge, because the verses, which she always thought to be written by his lordship, were indeed written by myself; but I had never the heart to tell her this, seeing that she loved him so well, and took such pleasure in the foolish trifling rhymes (which yet seem to me,

their author, not without some merit). Ah! how pretty, how heavenly sweet she was in those days when I wrote them!

Latterly she grew thin in the face, but always sweet-faced, with those soft sorrowful eyes which come to women who go in mourning for past happiness, and to my thinking always the most beautiful woman in all the world. Now when she died, a thing happened to her concerning which I have read, but never hoped to witness it. For by a singular grace and favour bestowed upon those who loved her (I cannot account it as anything less), the face of her youth returned to her while she lay in the coffin, so that she looked like nothing in the world so much as a sweet sculptured angel, her lips half parted in a gracious smile, and on her brow a perfect rest and content; and seeing this miracle, I knew without doubt she was happy at length, and where she would wish to be. Yes; as she was in her youth, save for that sweet rose of colour on her cheek (I remember how the dainty pink would come and go while she waited for my lord on the moors of Blanchland, or walked beside him upon the flowery

bank of Derwent). The colour was gone with her soul to gladden again the hearts of those who loved her and had gone before. Ah! sweet modest blush! What did I say of it?

'See where it lies round lips and eyes,
And fades away, again to spring;
No lover, sure, could ask for more
Than still to cry, and still to sing—
Oh, sweet! oh, fair! beyond compare
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.'

THE END.

BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD.